

Royal English Classics.

GREAT AUTHORS

From Macaulay to Browning

MACAULAY—CARLYLE—DE QUINCEY—IRVING—LONGFELLOW
RUSKIN—DICKENS—THACKERAY—TENNYSON
BROWNING—CONTEMPORARY
WRITERS.

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THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

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Third Period.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR Third Period—from Macaulay to Browning—is the Victorian age of English Literature. Some of the authors included in it began to write before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, just as some of the authors in the previous period continued to write after that event; but the men included in this period belong distinctively, as regards their most important works, to the age of Victoria.

The period has been one of unparalleled literary activity. The number of new works published every year far surpasses the production of any other period; and though many are still-born, the sale of some is enormous.

The leading features of the period have been the development of historical writing in several directions, the extraordinary growth of fiction, and the great increase of periodical literature.

A great impetus was given to Historical literature by Macaulay, who showed first in his brilliant *Essays* and afterwards in his *History of England* that the record of fact may be made as fascinating as fiction. In the pictorial style of writing history—using a large canvas, and covering it with details—Macaulay has been followed by Mr. Froude and Mr. Kinglake, and by the American historian Motley. Another school of historical writing which has come into prominence during the period is that which bases its operations on a careful study of contemporary records, and which uses the help of philology, archæ-

ology, and ethnology, and any other science that may throw light on its inquiries. Excellent work in this field has been done by Freeman, Stubbs, Gardiner, and other writers. Some of the best qualities of this critical school were exhibited by the late J. R. Green in combination with a brilliancy of style and pictorial effect scarcely inferior to Macaulay's.

Thomas Carlyle was also a great historian, with a keen instinct for discovering the highest and truest elements of human character. His works are in many ways a monument of sound judgment and of patient industry. Through Carlyle and De Quincey the influences of German thought and style were brought to bear on current English Literature. Both of these men were great teachers as well as great authors.

The second characteristic feature of the period referred to above is the extraordinary growth of Fiction. More novels are published now than books of any other class. Although the writers of novels are many, the really good novelists are few. Nevertheless it may be said with perfect truth that fiction is the department of literature in which the Victorian age stands pre-eminent. Other ages have surpassed it in poetry, in philosophy, and in history; but in fiction, especially in the fiction of contemporary life, it surpasses them all. Scott's novels are unrivalled as historical romances; but there are not in the English language, or in any other language, better specimens of the novel of modern life than are found in the works of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. The traditions of English fiction have been well maintained by Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Mrs. Oliphant, George Meredith, and other writers. The difficulty with which modern novelists have to contend most is that of inventing a new plot or a new character. So numerous are the candidates for public favour in this department of literature, and so keen is the competition among them, that there is much danger of attractiveness passing into sensationalism. The danger, indeed, has begun to be realized, not only in written fiction, but also and even more in

the modern drama, which is to a large extent sensational fiction acted on the stage.

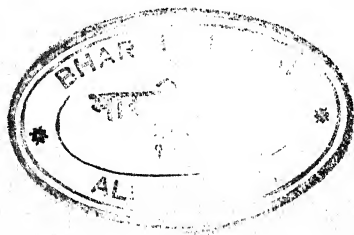
Another very remarkable feature of the time has been the growth of Periodical literature. Indeed this feature and the previous one are closely connected; for every magazine, with a few exceptions, has a work of fiction appearing serially in its pages; while some magazines, and even some newspapers, have two or three novels going on at the same time. There are, however, several Monthlies of a high class which devote the whole of their space to the discussion of political, social, and philosophical matters. These magazines are to the present age what the Quarterlies were to the last age—the chief arena of literary debate.

The Poetry of the present period has reached a high, if not the highest level, in the works of Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning. Both are poets of nature; but while both strive after realism, they embody their thoughts in very different forms, the one in smooth and faultless cadences, the other in rugged language and halting rhythm. Of their contemporaries, Dante Rossetti and William Morris resemble Tennyson; while the affinities of Matthew Arnold, in respect of subtle thinking and condensed expression, are rather with Browning. Algernon Swinburne is a disciple of Byron and Shelley. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who became the wife of the poet after she had won her way to fame, holds the first rank among English poetesses.

Never has Science been expounded with more of literary grace and culture than during the present period, by such writers as Hugh Miller, Charles Darwin, Lyell, Tyndall, and Huxley. What these writers have done for science, John Ruskin has done in the case of the Fine Arts. He has shown in the most eloquent language that nature is the mother of true art as really as she is the mother of science.

A very pleasing feature of this period is the appearance of American authors in the field of English letters. Nothing else

was required to prove unity of race and community of sentiment. The appearance of Washington Irving as an English author was thought a phenomenon ; but that day is long past. America has its poets in Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Walt Whitman, and Lowell ; its novelists in Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Wendell Holmes, Henry James, and Howells ; its historians in Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley ; its essayists in Emerson and Channing ; and its humourists in Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte, who are worthy not only of the great Republic which reared them, but also of the mother country whence they drew their inspiration.



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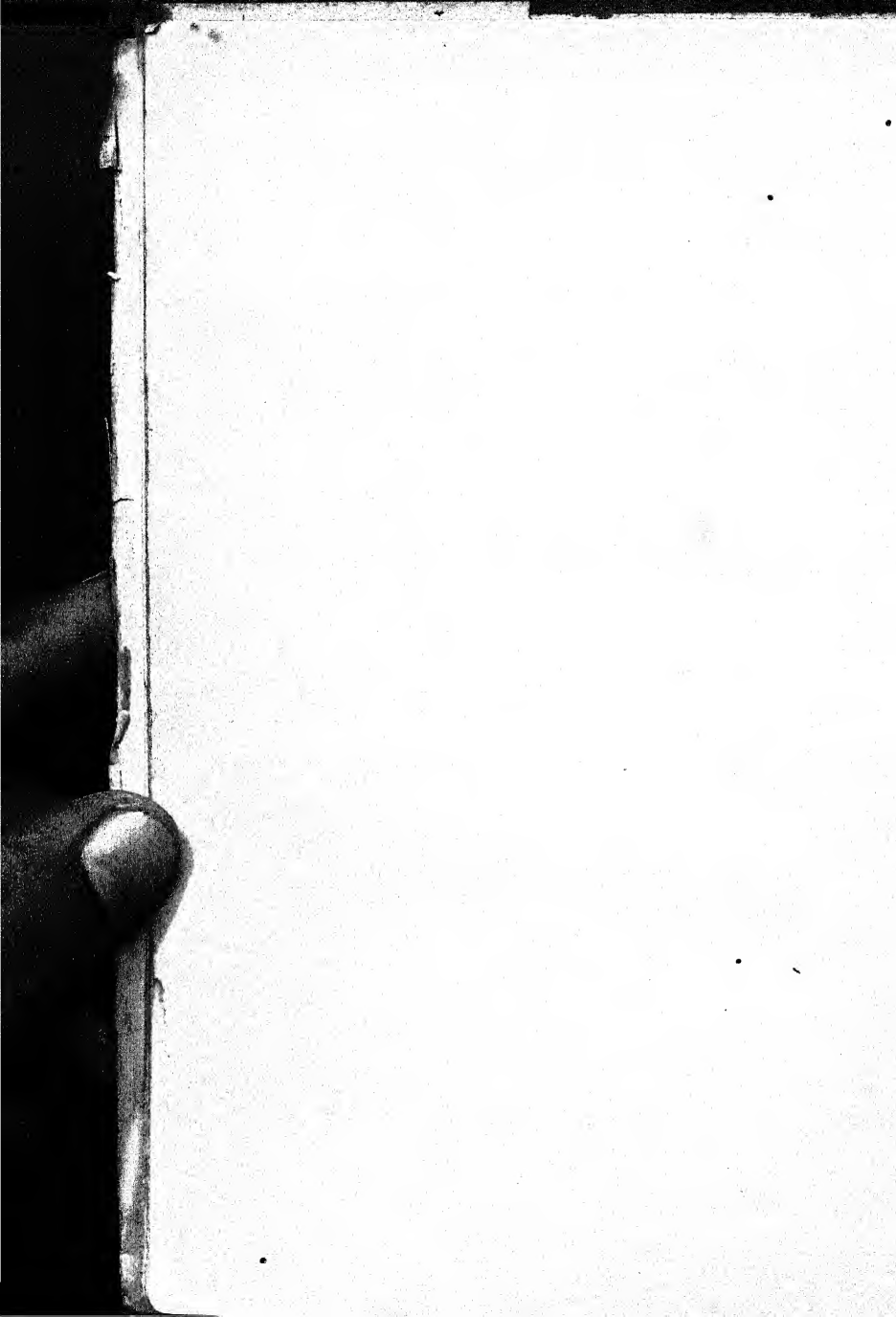
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GREAT AUTHORS.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY.

BORN 1800—DIED 1859.

1. Macaulay was born on the 25th of October 1800—the anniversary of Agincourt, he was fond of saying—at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, the house of his uncle, Thomas Babington, after whom he was named. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was a merchant and a well-known philanthropist. His mother was Selina Mills, daughter of a Bristol bookseller.

2. The Macaulays are a Scottish family. Aulay Macaulay, the historian's great-grandfather, was minister of Tiree and Coll in the Hebrides. His grandfather, John, was minister of several Highland parishes in succession, the last being Inveraray. His granduncle, Kenneth, also a minister, was the author of a history of St. Kilda, which obtained for him the honour of a visit from Dr. Samuel Johnson during his tour in the Hebrides.¹

3. Descended from Scottish Presbyterians on his father's side, he came of a family of English Quakers on that of his mother. She was a warm-hearted and clear-headed woman, with sufficient force of character to

¹ Tour in the Hebrides. See previous volume of GREAT AUTHORS, p. 54.



Macaulay

enable her to bring up her family with a firm as well as a kindly hand.

4. Zachary Macaulay, when a young man, was manager of an estate in Jamaica; but he threw up the post on account of his horror of slavery. He afterwards acted as the agent of an English company for the settlement of liberated slaves at Sierra Leone.¹ Having settled in London as secretary of that company, he married in 1799, and Thomas Babington was his first-born son—the eldest of a family of four sons and five daughters.

5. Macaulay's labours as a historian began in the nursery. Before he was eight years old, he wrote a Compendium of Universal History, giving, his mother said, "a tolerably connected view of the leading events from the creation to the present time." His favourite pastime

¹ Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa.

as a child, however, was the writing of verse. Besides producing numerous ballads and hymns, he had made considerable progress with a romantic poem in the manner of Scott, and had begun a great family epic, before he had reached the mature age of ten. Hannah More,¹ who took a great interest in the boy, said that the hymns were "quite extraordinary for such a baby."

6. Little Tom Macaulay was one of the brightest and cleverest children whose history has ever been written. From the age of three he read constantly. He had a marvellous memory, so that he had difficulty in forgetting anything he ever heard or read. Once, when a boy of six, he went with his father to call at a friend's house. He picked up a copy of Scott's "Lay,"² then a new book, and read a few pages. On going home he sat down on his mother's bed and repeated to her stanza after stanza, till she grew tired of listening.

7. From his thirteenth to his eighteenth year he attended a private school, kept by a clergyman named Preston, at Aspenden Hall in Hertfordshire. There his rapidity in learning was the wonder and the envy of his companions. But as he grew older he paid less and less attention to class-room work, and more and more to general reading, for which his keen appetite could never be satisfied.

8. At eighteen he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered on a brilliant career. Twice he gained the Chancellor's gold medal for English poetry. He was elected to a valuable scholarship,³ and in the end he became a Fellow of his college. He won great distinction in the Union Debating Society, where the keenest

¹ Hannah More, essayist and dramatist; born 1744, died 1833.

² Scott's "Lay," "The Lay of the

Last Minstrel," published in 1805. See the previous volume, p. 163.

³ A valuable scholarship, the Craven.

and brightest minds of Cambridge met to display their skill in fence. During his undergraduate years he was a contributor to "The Etonian" and to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine."

9. While preparing for his call to the bar, he achieved his first literary triumph. His brilliant essay on *Milton* appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," and it was at once felt that a new writer of great and varied powers had arisen. The surprise was all the greater when it became known that the writer was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had just left the university. In after years, when his judgment and taste were matured, Macaulay condemned the *Milton* article as being "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament;" but it made its author famous.

10. About six months after the appearance of that article, Macaulay became a barrister; but literature and politics had stronger attractions for him than his profession. In 1830 he entered the House of Commons as Member for Calne, in Wiltshire. The battle of parliamentary reform was then being keenly fought, and Macaulay threw himself with zest and vigour into the struggle. He at once took a high place in the House of Commons, and was noted not less as a polished orator than as a ready debater. His speeches were as brilliant as his essays, and they were as practical as brilliant.

11. In the first reformed House of Commons, he was Member for the new constituency¹ of Leeds. He was made first a Commissioner of the Board of Control, and then its Secretary. At that time he worked very hard. Besides his parliamentary work and his official duties, he continued to contribute brilliant articles to the

¹ New constituency. One of the places which received members for the first time under the Reform Act of 1832.

‘Edinburgh Review,’ rising at five in the morning and writing till breakfast time. But with all his hard work, he could not earn enough to support both himself and his sisters, who were now dependent on him. His profession yielded him no income, and that from literature was uncertain as well as small. For his essays in the “Edinburgh,” he did not receive more than £200 a year. He therefore gladly accepted the offer of a seat on the Supreme Council of India, with a salary of £10,000 a year, and in 1834 he sailed for Calcutta. His principal business there was the preparation of a penal code, which, after successive revisions, has become the criminal code under which the law of the vast Indian Empire is administered.

12. Macaulay’s study of Indian history in connection with this work bore splendid fruit in his essays on *Clive* and *Warren Hastings*, written after his return to England. During his stay in India he continued to write for the “Edinburgh Review.”

13. As President of the Committee on Public Instruction, Macaulay rendered an important service to India as well as to England; for it was by his advice that the English tongue was adopted as the medium for educating the natives.

14. In 1838 Macaulay returned to England, and became Member for Edinburgh. In the following year he succeeded Lord Howick as Secretary for War in Lord Melbourne’s Administration, and took his seat in the Cabinet. In 1846 he became Paymaster-General of the Forces in Lord John Russell’s¹ Ministry. These were the only political offices he ever held.

15. Before this, Macaulay had come before the world as a poet. His *Lays of Ancient Rome*, written chiefly

¹ Lord John Russell. Raised to the peerage as Earl Russell in 1861; died 1878.

in India, were published in 1842. The publication was very successful, and the popularity of the *Lays* has never declined. Macaulay then prepared a collected edition of his *Essays*; and that also proved a great success. These *Essays*, when completed, were found to be concerned mainly with English history and English thought during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries — “Milton,” “Bacon,” “Bunyan,” “Hampden,” “Burleigh,” “Horace Walpole,” “William Pitt,” “Earl of Chatham,” “Clive,” “Warren Hastings,” “Samuel Johnson,” “Addison,” “Frederic the Great”—these subjects suggest a tolerably consecutive review of the period in question. That was the period with which his *History of England* was afterwards to be occupied.

16. At the general election of 1847 Macaulay lost his seat for Edinburgh, his vote in favour of the Maynooth College¹ grant having given offence to some of the electors. The defeat did not greatly distress him; for at the time he was engrossed with his greatest work—*The History of England from the Accession of James the Second*. The first two volumes were issued in November 1848. The success of the work was such as never had been known before. Edition after edition was sent forth; and the sale was enormous in the United States as well as at home. The demand for the book increased as years went on, and within thirty years of its first publication no fewer than one hundred and forty thousand copies of it were sold in the British Islands alone.

17. The plan of the work was a great one. “I purpose,” he said in its first sentence, “to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still

¹ Maynooth College. A college, 12 miles west of Dublin, for the education of the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. The grant ceased at the close of 1869, compensation being made under the Irish Church Act.

living." Macaulay did not live to complete his design. The third and fourth volumes were published in 1855. When he died in 1859 the fifth volume had not been completed. The narrative was brought down only to the death of William the Third, and that with gaps that never can be filled up.

18. In the *History of England* the brilliant and graphic style of the *Essays* is employed on a larger canvas, and with greater breadth of effect. Macaulay's style is remarkable for simplicity of language and clearness of construction, combined with a marvellous wealth of literary and historical allusion. He attains clearness sometimes by repeating the same idea many times in different ways, but chiefly by the use of short sentences, habitually expressing in separate sentences qualifications which other writers would express by subordinate clauses. By this means, involved sentences are avoided; but the style is apt to become abrupt and elliptical. In his method of treatment he combines careful word-portraits of the principal characters with minute attention to details. Of the latter, the famous third chapter of the *History*, describing England in the time of the Stuarts, is a good example; but it is open to the objection that the author seems more bent on showing the inferiority of the seventeenth century to the present one, than on showing its superiority to those that preceded it.

19. The slight put on Macaulay by the electors of Edinburgh in 1847 was somewhat atoned for in 1852, when they voluntarily returned him as their Member, though he issued no address and asked for no vote. He accepted the seat, and held it for four years; but during that time he made only one important speech in Parliament. His declining health and his desire to advance his *History* deadened his interest in current politics.

20. He withdrew from the House of Commons in 1856. In the following year he was raised to the peerage with the title Baron Macaulay of Rothley. He wore the coronet for little more than two years; and though he took his seat in the House of Lords, he never spoke there. He died, of heart-disease, on December 28th, 1859; and he was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 9th of January following.

SUMMARY OF MACAULAY'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year. Age.

- 1800.....Born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25.
 1808... 8...Compiles "Compendium of Universal History"—Writes verses.
 1813...13...At Mr. Preston's school.
 1818...18...Goes to Trinity College, Cambridge.
 1819...19...Distinguished in the Union Debating Society—Contributes to "The Etonian," and to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine"—Gains Chancellor's medal for poem on *Pompeii*.
 1821...21...Gains Chancellor's medal for poem on *Evening*—Elected to Craven Scholarship.
 1824...24...Fellow of Trinity.
 1825...25...Takes M.A. degree—Essay on *Milton* in "Edinburgh Review."
 1826...26...Is called to the bar—Writes regularly in "Edinburgh Review."
 1830...30...Member for Calne—Maiden speech.
 1831...31...Speeches on Reform Bill.
 1832...32...A Commissioner of the Board of Control.
 1833...33...Member for Leeds—Secretary of the Board of Control.
 1834...34...Goes to Calcutta as Member of the Supreme Council of India—Prepares Penal Code—Continues to write in the "Edinburgh."
 1838...38...Returns from India—Member for Edinburgh.
 1839...39...Secretary for War under Lord Melbourne—Writes essay on *Clive*.
 1841...41...Out of office—Writes essay on *Warren Hastings*.
 1842...42...Publishes *Lays of Ancient Rome*.
 1843...43...Collected edition of *Essays*.
 1846...46...Paymaster-General under Lord John Russell.
 1847...47...Loses his seat for Edinburgh.
 1848...48...Vols. i., ii. of *History of England* (November).
 1852...52...Elected for Edinburgh spontaneously.
 1853...53...Collected edition of *Speeches*.
 1855...55...Vols. iii., iv. of *History of England*.
 1857...57...Raised to the peerage as Baron Macaulay of Rothley.
 1859...59...Dies December 28—Buried in Westminster Abbey (January 9, 1860).
 1861.....Vol. v. of *History of England*.

SELECTIONS FROM MACAULAY.

THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.

1685 A.D.

[Charles II. died on February 14, 1685. His brother, the Duke of York, at once ascended the throne as James II. A rival appeared, however, in the person of James, Duke of Monmouth, who was supported by the Protestant party. Monmouth was an illegitimate son of Charles II. He was handsome, affable, and generous to a fault; but he was weak-minded, and became a tool in the hands of Shaftesbury and other opponents of Charles and James, who flattered and dazzled him with the hope of wearing the crown. On June 11th, Monmouth, who had taken refuge in Holland, landed at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire. Bent on the capture of Bristol, then the second city in the kingdom, he marched northward. Hundreds of ploughmen, miners, and peasants joined his standard. At Taunton, on June 20th, he had himself proclaimed king. When he reached the walls of Bath, his heart failed him, and he fell back to Bridgewater. Then he learned that a royalist army of 3,000 men under the Earl of Feversham and Lord Churchill (afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough) lay encamped on Sedgemoor, three or four miles south-east of the town. He resolved to surprise the royal troops, and marched out on the night of July 5th. The following passage is from *The History of England*.]

1. And now the time for the great hazard drew near. The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The moon was indeed at the full, and the northern streamers were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick on Sedgemoor that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces.

2. The clock struck eleven;¹ and the Duke of Monmouth with his body guard rode out of the castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury.² His army marched by a circuitous path, near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedge-

1 The clock struck eleven. This exactness gives reality to the narrative and | arrests the attention of the reader.
 2 Full of evil augury, foretelling failure.

moor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport.¹ Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognize one another in the darkness was "Soho." It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

3. At about one in the morning of Monday the 6th of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

4. The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine; but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm.

5. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland,² where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms; and the men got fast

¹ Mishap at Bridport. At Bridport, between Lyme and Dorchester, the cavalry, under Lord Grey, ran away in a skirmish.

² Weston Zoyland, east of Sedgemoor, and four miles from Bridgewater.

into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the king's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

6. "For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the king," replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which king?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout of "King Monmouth," mingled with the war-cry, which forty years before¹ had been inscribed on the colours of the parliamentary regiments, "God with us." The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity.² Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better³ at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

7. A few minutes after the duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

8. Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

1 Forty years before, in the struggle between King and Parliament.

2 Pusillanimity, cowardice; little-mindedness; the opposite of *magnanimity*, great-mindedness; generosity.

3 That Churchill would have succeeded better—that is to say, the result would probably have been the same even if Monmouth's cavalry had been led by the brave Churchill.

9. But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The waggoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons.

10. The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat,¹ had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made² an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly while thousands, whom affection for him had hurried to destruction, were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

11. Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt

¹ Had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, etc. How well these personal touches bring out the indolent and vain character of Feversham.

² Churchill had rapidly made, etc.

Notice that in this sentence Macaulay indicates that the defeat of the rebels was due much more to Churchill, who was second in command, than to Feversham, his superior.

ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe¹ made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield,² a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of "Ammunition! For God's sake ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand.

12. And now the king's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the highroad from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army, that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach-horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces.

13. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake; the ranks broke; the king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners³ stood bravely to their arms, and sold their

1 Oglethorpe, a colonel in the Royalist army.

2 Sarsfield, Patrick, Earl of Lucan, commanded the Jacobite army at the Battle of the Boyne, 1690; repulsed William III. at Limerick, August 1690; negotiated its surrender, 1691. Was killed

at Landen when fighting with the French against the English, 1693.

3 The Mendip miners. There are lead and zinc mines in the Mendip Hills, which have been worked for centuries. Many of the workmen in these mines had taken arms for Monmouth.

lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.

14. So ended the last fight deserving the name of battle that has been fought on English ground. The impression left on the simple inhabitants of the neighbourhood was deep and lasting. That impression, indeed, has been frequently renewed; for even in our own time the plough and the spade have not seldom turned up ghastly memorials of the slaughter, skulls, and thighbones, and strange weapons made out of implements of husbandry. Old peasants related very recently that in their childhood they were accustomed to play on the moor at the fight between King James's men and King Monmouth's men, and that King Monmouth's men always raised the cry of "Soho."

EXECUTION OF MONMOUTH.

[Two days after the Battle of Sedgemoor, Monmouth was found near the New Forest in Hampshire, lurking in a ditch. He had exchanged clothes with a peasant; and in his pockets there were found some raw peas, of which he had been eating. He was at once taken to London. On the way, he wrote a craven letter to the king, imploring him to save his life; but James's purpose was immovable. The following is also from *The History of England*.]

1. The king cannot be blamed for determining that Monmouth should suffer death. Every man who heads a rebellion against an established government stakes his life on the event; and rebellion was the smallest part of Monmouth's crime. He had declared against his uncle a war without quarter. In the manifesto put forth at Lyme, James had been held up to execration as an incendiary, as an assassin who had strangled one innocent man and cut the throat of another, and, lastly, as the poisoner of his own brother. To spare an enemy who had not scrupled to resort to such extremities would have been an act of rare, perhaps of blamable generosity. But to see him and

not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the king resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord; and, thus secured, he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged.

2. Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground, and crawled to the king's feet. He wept. He tried to embrace his uncle's knees with his pinioned arms. He begged for life, only life, life at any price. He owned that he had been guilty of a great crime, but tried to throw the blame on others, particularly on Argyle,¹ who would rather have put his legs into the boots² than have saved his own life by such baseness. By the ties of kindred, by the memory of the late king, who had been the best and truest of brothers, the unhappy man adjured James to show some mercy.

3. James gravely replied that this repentance was of the latest, that he was sorry for the misery which the prisoner had brought on himself, but that the case was not one for lenity. A Declaration, filled with atrocious calumnies, had been put forth. The regal title had been assumed.³ For treasons so aggravated there could be no pardon on this side of the grave. The poor terrified duke vowed that he had never wished to take the crown, but had been led into that fatal error by others. As to the Declaration, he had not written it; he had not read it; he had signed it without looking at it: it was all the work of Ferguson,⁴ that bloody villain Ferguson. "Do you expect me to believe," said James, with contempt but too well merited,

1 Argyle, the Earl of Argyle, who had met Monmouth in Holland, and had plotted with him the double invasion of Scotland and England at the same time. He landed in Cantire in May; was captured in Renfrewshire; and was executed at Edinburgh, June 30, 1685.

2 The boots, instruments of torture used in persecuting the Covenanters in Scotland. [ton.]

3 Had been assumed; namely, at Taun-

4 Ferguson, Robert, a Scottish clergyman, who had a living in the Church of England, but who afterwards became schoolmaster and Dissenting preacher. He was a low plotter and adventurer, and had joined Monmouth in Holland. After his escape from Sedgemoor, he joined the expedition of William of Orange, in hope of gain. Being disappointed, he turned Jacobite, and plotted till the end of his life. He died in 1714.

"that you set your hand to a paper of such moment without knowing what it contained?"

4. One depth of infamy only remained; and even to that the prisoner descended. He was pre-eminently the champion of the Protestant religion. The interest of that religion had been his plea for conspiring against the government of his father, and for bringing on his country the miseries of civil war; yet he was not ashamed to hint that he was inclined to be reconciled to the Church of Rome. The king eagerly offered him spiritual assistance, but said nothing of pardon or respite. "Is there then no hope?" asked Monmouth. James turned away in silence. Then Monmouth strove to rally his courage, rose from his knees, and retired with a firmness which he had not shown since his overthrow.

5. The hour drew near: all hope was over; and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. His children were brought to his room that he might take leave of them, and were followed by his wife.¹ He spoke to her kindly, but without emotion. Though she was a woman of great strength of mind, and had little cause to love him, her misery was such that none of the bystanders could refrain from weeping. He alone was unmoved.

6. It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution, and they consented; but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind,² and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile; and he mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney-tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs

¹ His wife, Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.

² In a perilous state of mind. Because he had resisted the king whom the Church

had anointed in the name of the Lord. The doctrine of king by divine right was thus maintained by the clergy. See the first sentence of § 7.

and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. "I shall say little," he began. "I came here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England."

7. The bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their Church. Some altercation followed. The divines have been accused of dealing harshly with the dying man; but they appear to have only discharged what, in their view, was a sacred duty. Monmouth knew their principles, and, if he wished to avoid their importunity, should have dispensed with their attendance. Their general arguments against resistance had no effect on him. But when they reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account, he was touched, and said, in a softened voice, "I do own that. I am sorry that it ever happened."

8. They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the king. He remained silent. "Sir," said one of the bishops, "do you not pray for the king with us?" Monmouth paused some time, and, after an internal struggle, exclaimed, "Amen." But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government. "I will make no speeches," he exclaimed. "Only ten words, my lord." He turned away, called his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick case—the last token of ill-starred love. "Give it," he said, "to that person."¹

9. He then accosted John Ketch the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given² to

¹ To that person, to the man who pressed him to speak.

² Vulgarly given, in the form "Jack Ketch."

all who have succeeded him in his odious office. "Here," said the duke, "are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well." He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block. The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy, "God accept your repentance! God accept your imperfect repentance!"

10. The hangman addressed himself to his office. But he had been disconcerted by what the duke had said. The first blow inflicted only a slight wound. The duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sank down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again; but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch flung down the axe with a curse. "I cannot do it," he said; "my heart fails me." "Take up the axe, man," cried the sheriff. "Fling him over the rails," roared the mob. At length the axe was taken up. Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life; but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard.

11. In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the duke's blood; for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of Saint Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys.¹

¹ Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice, the head | who had supported Monmouth were but
of "the bloody circuit" at which the rebels | chered—some burned, others hanged.

12. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny—with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame.

13. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey¹ was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley.² Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher,³ Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley,⁴ Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral; and Thomas Cromwell,⁵ Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex,⁶ on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom

1 Jane Grey (Lady Jane Grey), a descendant of Henry VII. through his daughter Mary. She was proclaimed queen in opposition to Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII. Executed 1554.

2 Guildford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey. He was a son of the Duke of Northumberland (Note 4). Executed 1554.

3 John Fisher, beheaded for opposing the Church reforms of Henry VIII., 1535.

4 John Dudley, son of Edmund Dudley, the extortionate minister of Henry VII.; was created Viscount Lisle and Earl of Warwick by Henry VIII.; was the rival of Protector Somerset, Edward the Sixth's uncle, and overthrew him; was created

Duke of Northumberland; formed the plot for placing Lady Jane Grey, his daughter-in-law, on the throne, and was executed 1553.

5 Thomas Cromwell, a great ecclesiastical and political reformer; wool merchant and member of the House of Commons; became Wolsey's secretary, and afterwards Henry the Eighth's chief adviser; incurred the king's dislike by advising his marriage with Anne of Cleves; executed 1540.

6 Another Essex, Robert Devereux, the last favourite of Queen Elizabeth; headed an insurrection in London; executed 1601.

valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk,¹ and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel.² Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury,³ the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens⁴ who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

[This description—from the third chapter of *The History of England*—should be read in the light of the objection referred to in the Life; namely, that Macaulay was more anxious to show how far the seventeenth century was behind the present one, than to show how much it had advanced on preceding ages.]

1. We should be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the squires of the seventeenth century as men bearing a close resemblance to their descendants, the county members and chairmen of quarter sessions with whom we are familiar. The modern country gentleman generally receives a liberal education, passes from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has ample opportunity to become an excellent scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has generally been passed in the capital; and the refinements of the capital follow him into the country.

2. There is perhaps no class of dwellings so pleasing as the

¹ Duke of Norfolk—conspired for the release of Mary Stuart, whom he proposed to marry, and to set on the throne in place of Elizabeth; executed 1572.

² Earl of Arundel, Philip Howard, son of the above Duke of Norfolk, was charged with the same offences, and sent to the Tower in 1585, where he died in 1595.

³ Margaret of Salisbury, Margaret de la Pole, Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole, who intrigued against Henry VIII. She was executed for her son's offences 1541.

⁴ Two fair queens—Anne Boleyn, 1536; Catherine Howard, 1542.

rural seats of the English gentry. In the parks and pleasure-grounds, Nature, dressed yet not disguised by art, wears her most alluring form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, the musical instruments, the library, would in any other country be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man.

3. A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man,¹ and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires whose names were then in the Commissions of Peace and Lieutenancy not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris.²

4. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a *Mittimus*.³ If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall; and there, unless his mind were very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures.

5. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop

¹ He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man. This exemplifies the objection referred to above. The fact is interesting; but, as stated here, it is put in the wrong way. History should be written downwards, not upwards.

² So far as Paris, should be "as far as to Paris." "So" properly follows a verb modified by a negative.

³ A *Mittimus*, a warrant for commitment to prison; so called from the first word, *Mittimus*, Latin for "we send."

merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports, and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire.¹

6. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode; and if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farmyard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and the gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty; and guests were cordially welcomed to it. But, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary,² strong beer was the ordinary beverage.

7. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous. For beer then was to the middle and lower classes not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

8. It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world; and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and

¹ Or Yorkshire, should be "or from Yorkshire," because two different counties are meant, not two names for one county.

² Canary, a wine from the Canary Islands; just as the wine *Madeira* comes from the island so named.

former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery.

9. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Towards London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a house-keeper or a stillroom maid of the present day.¹ They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty.

10. From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some most important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard.² He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great-grandsons of aldermen.

11. He was a magistrate, and, as such, administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal³ justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts

1 Of the present day. Throughout, the comparison is between the past and the present.

(844)

2 Talbot..Howard, noble English families. [a family or a clan.]

3 Patriarchal, belonging to the head of

of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the trainbands;¹ and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbours.

12. Nor indeed was his soldiiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles the First, after the Battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring² and Lunsford,³ gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of Parliament, had, from childhood, been surrounded by traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles.

13. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we seldom or never find united. His ignorance or uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high place, and used to respect themselves and to be respected by others.

14. It is not easy for a generation, accustomed to find

1 Trainbands, bands of men subject to military training, though not regular soldiers: we should now call them militiamen, or volunteers.

2 Goring, Charles, a Royalist general, once Governor of Portsmouth. His excesses brought discredit on the king's cause.

He succeeded his father as Earl of Norwich in 1662, and died in 1671.

3 Lunsford, Colonel, was captain of the king's body guard in 1641, between whom and the populace those skirmishes occurred that gave rise to the names "Cavalier" and "Roundhead."

chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners, to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honour of his house. It is, however, only by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles the First, and which long supported, with strange fidelity, the interest of his descendants.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, THE HISTORY OF PROGRESS.

[This short passage from *The History of England* has been given partly for the clearness with which it fixes what may be called the milestones of English history, partly for the sake of the striking simile in §§ 6 and 7.]

1. The history of England is emphatically the history of progress. It is the history of a constant movement of the public mind, of a constant change in the institutions of a great society. We see that society, at the beginning of the twelfth century, in a state more miserable than the state in which the most degraded nations of the East now are. We see it subjected to the tyranny of a handful of armed foreigners. We see a strong distinction of caste separating the victorious Norman from the vanquished Saxon. We see the great body of the population in a state of personal slavery. We see the most debasing and cruel superstition exercising boundless dominion over the most elevated and benevolent minds. We see the multitude sunk in brutal ignorance, and the studious few engaged in acquiring what did not deserve the name of knowledge.

2. In the course of seven centuries the wretched and degraded race have become the greatest and most highly

civilized people that ever the world saw; have spread their dominion over every quarter of the globe; have scattered the seeds of mighty empires and republics over vast continents; have created a maritime power which would annihilate in a quarter of an hour the navies of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice, and Genoa together; have carried the science of healing, the means of locomotion and correspondence, every mechanical art, every manufacture, everything that promotes the convenience of life, to a perfection which our ancestors would have thought magical; have produced a literature which may boast of works not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; have discovered the laws which regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies; have speculated with exquisite subtlety on the operations of the human mind; have been the acknowledged leaders of the human race in the career of political improvement.

3. The history of England is the history of this great change in the moral, intellectual, and physical state of the inhabitants of our own island. There is much amusing and instructive episodal matter;¹ but this is the main action. To us, we will own, nothing is so interesting and delightful as to contemplate the steps by which the England of the Domesday Book, the England of the Curfew and the Forest Laws, the England of Crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of Liberty and Philosophy, the school of all Knowledge, the mart of all Trade.

4. The Charter of Henry Beauclerk,² the Great Charter,³ the first assembling of the House of Commons,⁴ the extinction of personal slavery,⁵ the separation from the See of Rome,⁶ the

¹ Episodal matter, incidents introduced by the way, or in digressions.

² The Charter of Henry Beauclerk, granted by Henry I. in 1100; the first "charter of liberties" granted after the Norman Conquest.

³ The Great Charter, *Magna Carta*,

granted by King John in 1215.

⁴ First assembling of the House of Commons, Leicester's Parliament, 1265.

⁵ Extinction of personal slavery, during the War of the Roses, 1450-1485.

⁶ Separation from the See of Rome, in the reign of Henry VIII., 1534.

Petition of Right,¹ the Habeas Corpus Act,² the Revolution,³ the establishment of the liberty of unlicensed printing,⁴ the abolition of religious disabilities,⁵ the reform of the representative system,⁶—all these seem to us to be the successive stages of one great revolution; nor can we fully comprehend any one of these memorable events unless we look at it in connection with those which preceded and with those which followed it.

5. Each of these great and ever-memorable struggles, Saxon against Norman, Villein against Lord, Protestant against Papist, Roundhead against Cavalier, Dissenter against Churchman, Manchester against Old Sarum,⁷ was, in its own order and season, a struggle on the result of which were staked the dearest interests of the human race; and every man who, in the contest which in his time divided our country, distinguished himself on the right side, is entitled to our gratitude and respect.

6. We said that the history of England is the history of progress; and when we take a comprehensive view of it, it is so. But when examined in small, separate portions, it may with more propriety be called a history of actions and reactions. We have often thought that the motion of the public mind in our country resembles that of the sea when the tide is rising. Each successive wave rushes forward, breaks, and rolls back; but the great flood is steadily coming in. A person who looked on the waters only for a moment might fancy that they were retiring, or a person who looked on them only for five minutes might fancy that they were rushing capriciously to and fro; but when he keeps his eye on them for a quarter of an hour, and sees one sea-mark disappear after another, it is impossible for him

1 The Petition of Right, accepted by Charles I., 1628.

2 The Habeas Corpus Act, securing the liberty of the subject, 1679.

3 The Revolution, 1688.

4 Liberty of unlicensed printing, 1694.

5 Abolition of religious disabilities. The Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in 1828; Roman Catholics were admitted into Parliament in 1829, and Jews in 1858.

6 Reform of the representative system, by the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832, and the Municipal Reform Act of 1835.

7 Manchester against Old Sarum, the new cities enfranchised in 1832 against the corrupt boroughs disfranchised then. Old Sarum was the original of Salisbury, which is New Sarum. Though practically extinct as a borough, it continued to send two representatives to the House of Commons till 1832.

to doubt of the general direction in which the ocean is moved.

7. Just such has been the course of events in England. In the history of the national mind, which is, in truth, the history of the nation, we must carefully distinguish between that recoil which regularly follows every advance, and a great general ebb. If we take short intervals,—if we compare 1640 and 1660, 1680 and 1685, 1708 and 1712, 1782 and 1794,—we find a retrogression. But if we take centuries,—if, for example, we compare 1794 with 1660, or with 1685,—we cannot doubt in which direction society is proceeding.

THE STORY OF HORATIUS.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT ROME.

[This is a specimen of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. They were written to illustrate the theory that the early history of Rome had been compiled by Livy and other writers from ballads or legendary poems that had been handed down from age to age, and often recited at the banquets of the great. The following might be one of these ballads.]

1. It is stated by the Roman historians, that, a few years after the expulsion of the Tarquins¹ for their despotism and their crimes, the Etruscans,² to whose nation they belonged, endeavoured to restore the tyrants to power, and marched against Rome with an overwhelming force. The Romans, repulsed at first, fled across a wooden bridge over the Tiber; and then the Roman Consul³ ordered the bridge to be destroyed, to

1 The Tarquins. The first of the family to reach eminence was Tarquinius Priscus (Tarquin the elder), the fifth King of Rome. His son Tarquinius Superbus, was the seventh and last King of Rome. He had married the daughter of Servius Tullius, the sixth king, and obtained the throne by murdering his father-in-law. The crimes of his son, the "false Sextus," added to his own, enraged the people, and they arose under Junius Brutus, and abolished the

monarchy for ever (B.C. 509).

2 The Etruscans, the people of Etruria, or Tuscany, north of the Tiber, corresponding generally with the modern Tuscany. The Tarquins were natives of Tarquinii, a town in Etruria, sixty miles from Rome.

3 The Roman Consul. After the expulsion of Tarquin, Rome was governed by Brutus and Collatinus, with the title of *Consuls*; that is, colleagues. The consuls were elected annually.

prevent the enemy from entering the city. The continuation of the legend is supposed to be narrated by one of the Roman minstrels, at a period one hundred years later than the events recorded :—

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down ;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?" 8

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate :
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late ;
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods!" 16

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three ;
 Now, who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?" 24

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—
 A Ramnian¹ proud was he :

¹ *Ramnian*....*Titian*, belonging to the tribe of the *Ramnes* and that of the *Tities* respectively. The *Patricians*, or true Roman citizens, consisted of these two tribes and that of the *Luceres*.

"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius,—
 Of Titian¹ blood was he :
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

32

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

40

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state ;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great ;
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;
 Then spoils were fairly sold :
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

48

Meanwhile the Tuscan² army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,

1 Titian, see Note on preceding page. | 2 Tuscan, same as Etruscan.

And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
 Where stood the 'dauntless three. 59

The three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose :
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array ;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way. 68

2. But the scorn and laughter of the Etruscans were soon changed to wrath and curses, for their chiefs were quickly laid low in the dust at the feet of the "dauntless three :"—

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' length from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way. 76

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide,
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,²

1 Luna, a town in the north of Etruria, near which were famous white marble quarries, now those of Carrara.

2 Fourfold shield, shield divided into four compartments.

And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

84

3. The proud Astur advances with a smile of contempt for the three Romans, and turns a look of scorn upon the finching Tuscans :—

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

94

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out¹
Behind the Tuscan's head!

102

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus²
A thunder-smitten³ oak.

¹ A handbreadth out, etc. This is in the style of the old Border ballads, one of which tells how a Percy was pierced with a spear which extended from his back.

"A large cloth-yard and more."

² Mount Alvernus, probably Mons Alburnus, south-east of Salerno in Southern Italy.

³ Thunder-smitten, struck by lightning.

Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread ;
 And the pale augurs,¹ muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head. 110

4. In the meantime the axes had been busily plied ; and while the bridge was tottering to its fall, Lartius and Herminius regained the opposite bank in safety. Horatius remained facing the foe until the last timber had fallen, when, weighed down with armour as he was, he "plunged headlong in the tide:"—

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank :
 And when beneath the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer. 120

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain ;
 And fast his blood was flowing,
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armour,
 And spent with changing blows ;
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose. 128

"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus,²
 "Will not the villain drown ?

1 Augurs, men who foretold events by watching the flight and the cries of birds ; soothsayers. | 2 False Sextus, son of Tarquin. (See Note 1, p. 33.)

But for this stay,¹ ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"—
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,²
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

136

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers,³
 To press his gory hands;
 And now with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-gate,⁴
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

144

5. Then follows an account of the rewards which a grateful people bestowed upon the hero. The minstrel thus concludes the legend:—

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

152

¹ This stay, this stoppage or delay.

² Lars Porsena, King of Clusium in Etruria, and leader of the invading army. *Lars* was a common Etruscan first-name, and came to mean *lord*. Though repulsed

at this time, he ultimately subdued Rome; but he could not restore the kings.

³ The Fathers, the senators, or *patres*.

⁴ The River-gate, one of the gates of the city of Rome.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BORN 1795—DIED 1881.

1. A marked feature of the early part of the nineteenth century in Great Britain was the great attention given to the study of German literature. That was due chiefly to the writings of two men whose lives are now to engage us—Thomas Carlyle and Thomas de Quincey. Carlyle's mind was so thoroughly steeped in German authors that he fell into their manner both of thinking and of writing. Indeed, it was said of him that, though a Scotsman, he yet thought in German.

2. Thomas Carlyle was born on December 4th, 1795, at Ecclefechan, near Annan in Dumfriesshire. His father, James Carlyle, at first a small farmer and afterwards a mason and builder, was a man of strong intellect and deep religious feeling. As the boy early showed remarkable powers of mind, his father resolved to educate him for the Scottish Church. When he had gone beyond the teaching power of country schoolmasters, he was sent to the Grammar School of Annan, and at the early age of fourteen he passed to the University of Edinburgh, where he devoted himself chiefly to the study of mathematics.

3. After leaving the university, in 1814, Carlyle became a teacher of mathematics, first at Annan, and afterwards at Kirkcaldy in Fife. He was also private tutor for a time to two brothers, Charles and Arthur Buller. But he very soon found that teaching was not



7 Carlyle

his proper calling. He first grew tired of it, and then he hated it with all his might. He had as little liking for the pulpit, for which his father had destined him. He was drawn to literature with a power which he could not resist, and he began that career of authorship which has placed his name among the first in English literature.

4. The first efforts of his pen were several short biographies in Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," among which were papers on *Montaigne*,¹ *Nelson*, and the two *Pitts*. He next published (1824) a translation of *Legendre's*² *Geometry*, and, more important than any of these writings as an indication of the drift of his thoughts, a translation of *Goethe's*³ *Wilhelm Meister*.

¹ Montaigne, Michael de, French essayist (1533-1592).

² Legendre, Adrian M., French mathematician (1752-1833).

³ Goethe, John Wolfgang von, the greatest of modern German poets. "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" is his greatest prose work. His greatest drama is "Faust."

5. A *Life of Schiller*,¹ published by scattered chapters in the "London Magazine," gave further proof of his devotion to his German studies. He afterwards enlarged this work, and published it in a volume. Before this, he had given up his tutorship with the Bullers, and had settled in London as a literary man. Then he married Jane Baillie Welsh, and removed to Edinburgh, where he wrote for the "Edinburgh Review."

6. Having grown tired of Edinburgh, he took up his abode at his wife's estate of Craigenputtock, a dreary place in the midst of the black moors of Galloway and Dumfriesshire. In this solitude Carlyle was quite happy, and the six years he spent there were among the busiest and the richest of his life. There he wrote the *Characteristics* and his essay on *Burns* in the "Edinburgh," and his estimate of *Goethe* in the "Foreign Quarterly Review."

7. The sojourn in the desert of Craigenputtock suited the literary hermit bent on work, but it was misery to his wife. To her the solitude was terribly dreary and well-nigh unbearable. Though naturally witty, highly cultured, and fond of society, she was forced to drudge for her husband like a slave; and she did it without complaining. But the monotony of these six miserable years injured her health and soured her temper.

8. The richest result of the Craigenputtock exile was the *Sartor Resartus* (the tailor repatched). In form a review of a German work on dress, it is in reality a philosophical essay. By the mouth of the German professor,² Carlyle inveighs against the old clothes of falsehood and fashion that conceal the divine idea lying at the centre of human life. So strange were the ideas in

¹ Schiller, John Christopher Frederic von, historian and dramatist; author of "The Thirty Years' War," "Mary Stuart," and "William Tell." (1759-1805).

² German professor—Professor Teufelsdröckh. The second title of the book is, Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo (Mr. Shoddy of Nowhere).

the book, and so grotesque was the style, that London publishers could not be induced to accept the manuscript, and the work could find its way to the public only in fragments through the pages of "Fraser's Magazine" (1833-34).

9. At length Carlyle wearied of his desert life, especially when the want of books hampered his work. In 1834 he removed with his wife to London, and took up his abode in the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which was his home for the rest of his life. He at once began to work on his *French Revolution*.

10. The work was written as history, and as English, had never been written before. The author defied all literary canons and customs, rules of grammar not excepted. He regarded the stately diction which "the dignity of history" is supposed to require as a pitiful sham; and he resolved to work out his own ideas in his own way. He filled his pages with abrupt outcries and startling appeals. He flung down masses of disjointed notes, and left his readers to extract their meaning. He produced not a complete narrative, but a succession of photographs. Hence the startling vividness with which all the great scenes in the wonderful tale of blood and tears flash out on our gaze as we read. They are not drawn on a wide canvas; they are fixed on the mind with the quick flash of the sun-picture.

11. When the work was well advanced, a serious accident happened to it. The manuscript of the first volume was given to John Stuart Mill,¹ then Carlyle's closest friend, that he might read it and make suggestions on it. One day Mill called on Carlyle and told him that it had been accidentally destroyed—all but a few pages. To Carlyle the blow was a terrible one, yet

¹ John Stuart Mill, philosopher (1806-1873).

he uttered no reproach, choosing rather, for Mill's sake, to conceal the agony he felt. After a short interval of despair, he began the work again, and within six months the lost volume was re-written. *The French Revolution, a History*, was published in 1837, and the event is the central point in Carlyle's literary life.

12. The work was not at once successful, but by-and-by its great merits were recognized, and its author's place in the front rank of literature was assured. The delivery of courses of lectures on *German Literature*, *The History of Literature*, *The Revolutions of Modern Europe*, *Heroes and Hero-Worship* (1840), a tract on *Chartism* (1839), and an historical contrast, entitled *Past and Present* (1843), filled up the eight years that elapsed between the publication of the *French Revolution* and the appearance of a second great work.

13. That work was *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, with Elucidations*, published in 1845. A vast heap of materials, collected with painful patience from all sources, "fished up from foul Lethean quagmires and washed clean from foreign stupidities—such a job of buck-washing as I do not long to repeat," was given to the world in fair order and in modern form, the great Puritan being made to speak out of the past with his own voice and pen. The book, however, is no mere collection of Cromwell's writings. What Carlyle called "Elucidations"—the framework of narrative in which the rough gems are set—are brilliant examples of his historical style. His portrait of the great Oliver, and his battle-piece of Dunbar, are worthy of the pencil that drew Marie Antoinette and the storming of the Bastille. There was indeed a great deal of the Puritan spirit in

Carlyle himself—in his earnest condemnation of sham, untruth, and noisy pretension.

14. Carlyle's next work, *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (1850), was suggested to him by the European revolutions of 1848. He attacked the institutions and the leading politicians of this country with great bitterness, and poured on them copious ridicule. There was no doubt justice in much of his wrath, but he used the lash too wildly and with too little discretion. Many of his blows fell harmless on sound and honest men and things.

15. In 1851 Carlyle published his *Life of John Sterling*, a brilliant critic and original thinker for whom Carlyle had formed a strong attachment. The book is a fine piece of literary workmanship.

16. Carlyle's last great work was *The History of Friedrich II., commonly called the Great*.¹ He did not profess to set up Frederick as a hero to be worshipped, or to see in him a man that was truly great and noble; but he found him honest beyond the standard of his generation: "He managed *not* to be a liar and a charlatan, as his century was." He began to write the book in 1851, and it occupied him for fourteen years. While collecting material for the concluding volumes, he visited the leading battle-fields of the Seven Years' War.² Though inferior in interest to the *French Revolution*, the work presents not a few pictures coloured with the lawless brilliancy and the powerful touch that distinguish Carlyle's style from that of all other writers of history.

17. In the year in which the *Frederick* was completed (1865) Carlyle was elected Rector of Edinburgh University, and in April following he delivered as his inaugural address his famous essay, *On the Choice of*

1 Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, 1740-1796.

2 The Seven Years' War. 1756-1763.

Austria, France, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and Poland were on the one side; Prussia and England on the other.

Books. While he was in Edinburgh, his wife died suddenly in her carriage in Hyde Park. The event plunged Carlyle into grief, embittered probably by remorse, from which he never wholly recovered. He occupied his later years in preparing his wife's "Letters and Memorials" for the press, and in writing *Reminiscences* of his life. These, edited by Mr. J. A. Froude, were published shortly after Carlyle's death, which occurred on February 5th, 1881.

SUMMARY OF CARLYLE'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year. Age.

- 1795.....Born at Ecclefechan, December 4.
 1808...14...Goes to Edinburgh University.
 1814...20...Teaches mathematics at Annan.
 1816...22...Teaches at Kirkcaldy.
 1818...24...Gives up teaching—Reads for the bar.
 1822...28...Tutor to Charles and Arthur Buller—Writes lives of *Montaigne*, *Nelson*, and the two *Pitts* for the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia."
 1823...29...*Life of Schiller* begun in "London Magazine."
 1824...30...Translations of *Legendre's Geometry* and *Goethe's Wilhelm Meister*—Goes to London with the Bulls—Leaves them, and begins literary life in London.
 1826...32...Marries Jane Baillie Welsh, and settles in Edinburgh—Writes for the "Edinburgh Review."
 1828...34...Removes to Craigenputtock—Writes *Characteristics* and essays on *Burns* and *Goethe*, and *Sartor Resartus*.
 1834...40...Removes to Cheyne Row, Chelsea—*Sartor* published in "Fraser."
 1837...43...*The French Revolution*—Lectures on *German Literature*, etc.
 1839...45...Tract on *Chartism*.
 1840...46...Lectures on *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.
 1843...49...*Past and Present*.
 1845...51...*The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, with *Elucidations*.
 1850...56...*Latter-Day Pamphlets*.
 1851...57...*Life of John Sterling*—Begins *The History of Frederick the Great*.
 1860...66...First volume of *Frederick* published.
 1865...71...Last volume of *Frederick* published—Rector of Edinburgh University.
 1866...72...Inaugural address *On the Choice of Books*—Sudden death of his wife—Edits his wife's "Letters and Memorials"—Writes *Reminiscences* of his life.
 1881...86...Dies, February 5.

SELECTIONS FROM CARLYLE.

DUNBAR DROVE.

SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1650.

[In the Battle of Dunbar the army of the English Parliament, under Oliver Cromwell, was opposed by the army of the Scottish Estates, under General Lesley. The Scots had proclaimed Charles II. as their king, and he had landed in Scotland, and been received with joyous welcome in Edinburgh. Cromwell at once marched against the Scots, who, under command of General David Lesley, lay intrenched near Edinburgh. The whole of the south of Scotland had been laid waste, and the Ironsides were threatened with destruction by famine. At length Lesley marched eastward, and posted his army in such a position that he hemmed in the English on the shore near Dunbar. Cromwell, it seemed, had no choice left but a disgraceful surrender or a hopeless attack on the Scottish army.]

This is the state of matters at the opening of the following narrative, which is from the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*.]

1. And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other "pass"¹ across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmonth House.² There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or "broad ditch forty feet deep," flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right,³ gradually gathers itself.

2. There, at this "pass," on and about the present London

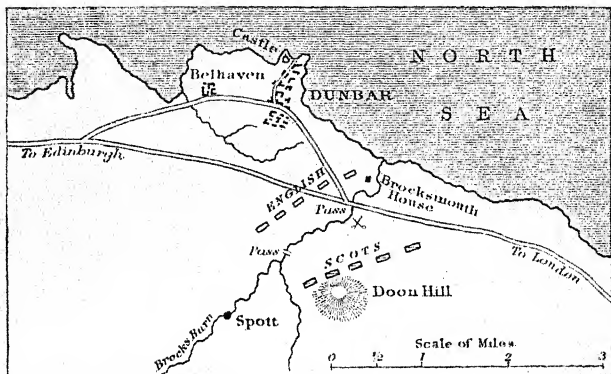
¹ One other "pass." The Brocksburn flows eastward between the two armies—Cromwell's on the north and Lesley's on the south. The banks of the stream are very steep, but at two points they flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts. These two points, about a mile apart, are the two "passes" referred to in

this paragraph. That called "one other 'pass'" is the more easterly of the two.

² Brocksmonth House, occupied by Cromwell's soldiers, and forming the extreme left of his position. The house is now a mansion of the Duke of Roxburghe.

³ To your right, in looking southward from the English camp.

road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with



BATTLE-FIELD OF DUNBAR.

unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there, which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum¹ of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

3. "The Lord General² about four o'clock," say the old Pamphlets, "went into the Town³ to take some refreshment," a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; "and very soon returned back," having written Sir Arthur's Letter,⁴ I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with

1 Spectrum, dim image.

2 The Lord General, Cromwell.

3 The Town, Dunbar.

4 Sir Arthur's Letter, a letter to Sir Arthur Haselrig at Newcastle, quoted by Carlyle.

enough of things to order ; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side ; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley, in fact, is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill,¹ where his horse had been since sunrise ; coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there ; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right ; edging himself, "shogging," as Oliver calls it,² his whole line more and more to the right !

4. His meaning is to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there, after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will !—Lesley, in fact, considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost ; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet,³ the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will ; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered," etc. : which nobody is in the least bound to believe.

5. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise ; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin-out beyond necessity ; and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations,⁴ at his "secret fellow-feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides," ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business ; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has

¹ The Hill, Doon Hill.

² As Oliver calls it, in a letter to Speaker Lenthall written the day after the battle.

³ Bishop Burnet, made Bishop of Salis-

bury by William III. in 1689 ; author of a "History of his own Times." (1643-1715.)

⁴ Cavillings at his cunctations, finding fault with his delays.

been descending all day, and "shogs" himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

6. At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert¹ standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist: beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten! Lambert eagerly assents, "had meant to say the same thing." Monk,² who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin to-morrow before dawn.

7. And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms; all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2nd of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the

¹ Lambert, Cromwell's Major-General. He distinguished himself greatly at Marston Moor and at Naseby. He died in exile (in the isle of Guernsey) in 1692, aged 72.

² Monk, then Colonel Monk. Cromwell afterwards gave him chief command in

Scotland, with the title of Lieutenant-General. As a reward of his services in bringing about the Restoration in 1660, Charles II. made him Duke of Albemarle. (1608-1670.)

tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

8. Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my pudding-headed Yorkshire friend,¹ that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocks-mouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten.

9. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, “a Cornet praying in the night;” a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined. Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no; this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful, and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head² a streak of dawn is rising.

10. And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake, thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once, and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The

¹ Yorkshire friend, Major Hodgson, named in next paragraph.

² St. Abb's Head, a lofty headland fourteen or fifteen miles south-east of the battle-field.

trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence ; the cannons awaken along all the Line : "The Lord of Hosts ! The Lord of Hosts !" On, my brave ones, on !—

11. The dispute "on this right wing was hot and stiff for three-quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire from field-pieces, snap-hances, match-locks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock ;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out ! But here on the right, their horse, "with lancers in the front rank," charge desperately ; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet ;—back a little ; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests ; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath,¹ but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet ! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them : field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn ; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death.

12. Above Three thousand killed upon the place : "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one ; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded ; Hodgson heard him say, "They run ! I profess they run !" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, "and I heard Nol² say, in the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,'"—or in Rous's metre :³—

" Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be ;
And let all those that do him hate
Before his presence flee !"

13. Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin ; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither ; to Bellhaven,⁴ or,

1 Copperspath, Cockburnspath, on the coast, eight miles south-east of Dunbar.

2 Nol, that is, Oliver.

3 Rous's metre, "The Psalms in Metre"

translated (1645), by Francis Rous, or Rouse (1579-1659).

4 Bellhaven, a village on the coast, west of Dunbar, and now joined to it.

in their distraction, even to Dunbar ; the chase goes as far as Haddington ; led by Hacker. "The Lord General made a halt," says Hodgson, "and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill ; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky :—

" O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be ;
Likewise, ye people all, accord
His name to magnify !

" For great to-us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses :
His truth endures for evermore.
The Lord O do ye bless !"

And now, to the chase again.

14. The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken ; not a few are slain ; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain : a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence ; he can ransom himself !—and the trooper kept him prisoner. The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by ; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain ; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again.

15. General David Lesley,¹ vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock ; poor old Leven,² not

¹ General David Lesley, served under the Earl of Leven at Marston Moor, and succeeded him as commander-in-chief in Scotland in 1650. He was also the conqueror of Montrose at Philiphaugh (1645). Charles II. made him Earl of Newark. He died 1682.

² Poor old Leven. Alexander Lesley, Earl of Leven, commanded the Scots sent into England to aid the Parliament in 1644. He shared in the victory at Marston Moor, and it was to him that Charles I. surrendered at Newark in 1646. He died in 1661.

so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood¹ by the letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state! Yes, my poor friends;—and now be wise, be taught! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world.

16. Such is Dunbar Battle; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances;—by mismanagement, and the chance of war.

SACK OF THE BASTILLE.

[The following passage is from the *French Revolution*.

The Bastille was the citadel of Paris, and was used as a State-prison. In the eyes of the Paris mob, it was the symbol of the oppression under which they suffered. The attack on it, on July 14, 1789, was the first decisive act of the Revolution. That done, it was impossible either for the people to pause, or for the Government to yield.]

1. Old De Launay,² as we hinted, withdrew “into his interior” soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville³ “invites” him to admit national soldiers; which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, his majesty’s orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides,⁴ reinforced by

1 We have stood. Carlyle here speaks for the Scots.

2 De Launay, the governor of the Bastille. He was barbarously murdered after the capture of the place.

3 The Hôtel-de-Ville, the provisional government sitting at the Hôtel-de-Ville, or Town House of Paris.

4 Invalides, military pensioners.

thirty-two young Swiss. His walls, indeed, are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but, alas! only one day's provision of victuals. The city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do?

2. All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere, —To the Bastille! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon Elector Thuriot gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather.....

3. Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *unquestionable*. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos—made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration;—and over head, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

4. On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave

or fellowe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man! down with it to Orcus!¹ let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever!

5. Mounted, some say on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering. Glorious! and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks! The eight grim towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact;—ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its *back* towards us; the Bastille is still to take!.....

6. Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville;—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles² is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled all ways, by panic madness. At every street barricade there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.....

7. Blood flows,—the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their town flag in the arched gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such crack of doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears.....

1 Orcus, Hades, the infernal region.

2 Flesselles. He was head of the merchants of Paris. He was accused of treason to the popular cause, and was murdered by the mob.

8. How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began; and is now pointing towards five, and still the firing slacks not. Far down, in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.....

9. What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done—what he said he would do.¹ Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the powder magazine; motionless, like old Roman senator, or bronze lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was;—harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the king's fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in no wise be surrendered, save to the king's messenger; one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honour; but think, ye brawling "rabble," how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward! In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot and all the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.....

10. For four hours now has the world-bedlam roared—call it the world chimæra, blowing fire. The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets—they have made a white flag of napkins—go beating the "parley," or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire deluge: a port-hole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Usher Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone ditch—plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots,—he hovers perilous—such a dove towards such an ark! Deftly, thou shifty usher: one man already fell, and lies smashed far down there, against the masonry.

¹ What he said he would do—blow up the place. See close of § 2.

11. Usher Maillard falls not—defly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his port-hole; the shifty usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—“on the word of an officer,” answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it,—“they are!” Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down—rushes in the living deluge—the Bastille is fallen!

AWAIT THE ISSUE.

[The following passage is from *Past and Present*—from that chapter which treats of the “Sphinx-riddle,” what is Justice? The meaning of it is that, whatever we may think of this or that particular act viewed in itself, everything in the world’s history is part of a general plan that tends to right and justice. The passage should be compared with the extract from Macaulay entitled “The History of England, the History of Progress”—especially with §§ 6 and 7.]

1. In this God’s world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say: “In God’s name, No!”

2. Thy “success”? what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

Success? In few years, thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all for ever. What kind of success is that?.....

3. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media¹ and vortices,² has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times, its resiliences,³ its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating:⁴ "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

4. Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

5. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla⁵ and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there, and said: "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

1 Media, intervening air spaces.

2 Vortices, whirlpools.

3 Resiliences, reboundings.

4 Jubilating, shouting for joy.

5 Valhalla, Hall of Heroes.

6. Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

7. The *dust* of controversy, what is it but the *falsehood* flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces, and making such a loud dust-whirlwind,—that so the truths alone may remain, and embrace brother-like in some true resulting force! It is ever so. Savage fighting. Heptarchies:¹ their fighting is an ascertainment, who has the right to rule over whom; that out of such waste-bickering Saxondom, a peacefully co-operating England may arise. Seek through this universe: if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to nourishment and life. The rest, look at it with other than owl's eyes, is not living; is all dying, all as good as dead! Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world; and will last with the world and longer.

¹ Heptarchies, governments of seven states.—The Anglo-Saxon kingdoms in Old English history were so called.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

BORN 1785—DIED 1859.

1. Perhaps no man of letters ever lived so strange a life as Thomas de Quincey, the author of the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. He was all his life long, both waking and sleeping, a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. He lived a vagrant, unsettled existence, for the most part away from his wife and family. He was often overwhelmed by the deepest gloom, and often was greatly perplexed about money matters; yet he produced a large amount of rich and solid literary work, and he wrote some of the purest, the most accurate, and at the same time the most eloquent English that this century has seen.

2. De Quincey was born on August 15, 1785, at Manchester, where his father was a prosperous merchant. Mixed up with the recollections of his early years, there was much that was painful. His favourite sister Elizabeth, who had also been his earliest teacher, died at the age of ten, when he was in his sixth year; and he retained a keen sense of this childish bereavement till his dying day. A year later his father, whom consumption had compelled to spend much of his time abroad, came home to die; and his eldest son William reigned in his stead, lording it over his brothers and sisters, and especially over the sensitive little creature that trotted to school by his side, in a manner never to be forgotten.

3. De Quincey's father's name was "Thomas Quin-



Thomas de Quincey

cey." The French form of the name was adopted by the son after his researches had satisfied him that the family was descended from a Norman who "came over with the Conqueror."

4. Four years after the father's death, the family removed to Bath, and Thomas attended the Grammar School there for three years. During that time he made remarkable progress in Latin; but a blow unintentionally inflicted on his head (instead of that of another boy) by one of the masters brought on an illness which caused his removal from the school. After an interval, during which he spent some months in travelling in England and Ireland, he was sent to the Grammar School of Manchester with a view to his obtaining an exhibition or scholarship at Oxford.

5. At Manchester young De Quincey was not quite

happy. He did not like the busy, bustling, money-making character of the town and the people. The strict discipline maintained in the house in which he boarded was irksome; and the confinement to which it led injured his health, or he fancied that it did so. The life became unbearable; and having borrowed £10 from a friend, he ran away from school. He was then nearly seventeen years of age.

6. His mother was shocked by the occurrence, but her brother, an Indian officer then at home on furlough,¹ took a more lenient view. By his advice Thomas received an allowance of one guinea a-week, with permission to wander where he pleased. He spent five months in roaming about in North Wales; then he grew tired of that lonely life, and rushed to London in search of greater excitement, giving up at the same time his guinea a-week and his home ties.

7. In London he led a wretched vagrant life for about a year. He tried to borrow money from money-lenders on the strength of the fortune he expected; for he knew that, when he came of age, he would have £150 a-year from his father's estate. But the money-lenders were not easily satisfied, and there was long delay, during which De Quincey roamed about the streets by night and by day, mingling with doubtful characters, and often living on charity. When he had sunk almost to despair, he was discovered by his friends, and returned to his mother's house at Chester.

8. He then went (1803) to Worcester College, Oxford, with an allowance of £100 a-year. While there, he threw himself with the greatest energy into the study of German philosophy. He also made a systematic study of English literature. He was powerfully

1 Furlough, leave of absence.

drawn toward Wordsworth and Coleridge, and already he considered himself a Lakist¹ in the bud.

9. It was in his Oxford days that De Quincey first became acquainted with opium, having been advised, on one of his visits to London (1804), to use laudanum to dull the pains of neuralgia.² He was led to continue his use of the drug, partly by the charm it had for him, and partly by his habitual fondness for things forbidden. Though not yet a confirmed opium-eater, he at times indulged so freely in the noxious drug as to break up his university career. He passed the ordeal of the written examination for the degree of B.A., but he shrank from the oral examination, and finally left the university without a degree.

10. In 1807 De Quincey at last succeeded, after several failures, in making the personal acquaintance of Coleridge, and through Coleridge of Wordsworth and Southey. The practical result of these meetings was that De Quincey settled among the Lakists in a pretty cottage at Townend, Grasmere. That was in 1809, the year after he left the university, and the twenty-fourth of his age. He had no regular employment, and his patrimony of £150 a-year seems to have been his whole income, and of that he spent a large part on books.

11. No wonder that money troubles again perplexed him. They became so grave in 1812 that ruin was prevented only by his Indian uncle coming to the rescue. From these troubles he found relief in his opium decanter. It was at this time, according to his own account, that he became a confirmed slave to the drug, consuming large quantities of laudanum every day.

1 A Lakist, one of the Lake school of poets—including Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, who lived in the region of the English Lakes.
2 Neuralgia, pain in the nerves, chiefly of the head.

12. That went on pretty regularly till 1816, when he married Margaret Simpson, daughter of a small farmer in Westmoreland. In the prospect of that event he reduced the daily allowance. But the reduction was only temporary. In the following year he came again completely under the mastery of the fell agent, and remained so for eighteen months. That was the time of the terrible experiences described with such graphic power in the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

13. The first part of that famous work was published in the "London Magazine" for September 1821. He was then thirty-six years of age, and that was almost his first appearance in print. He had edited, or professed to edit, a Westmoreland newspaper for a few months in 1819, but his work there scarcely ranked as literature. During all these years De Quincey had been absorbing. Now he began to give out from his abundant store.

14. The *Confessions* were widely read, and aroused the greatest curiosity. Many persons refused to believe that the experiences were real. Those who did believe in their reality wondered at the boldness of the writer in avowing them. A second instalment in the following month deepened the interest and heightened the curiosity of the public. Articles on a variety of subjects—on German philosophy, dramatic criticism, political economy—flowed freely from his pen, and care was taken to call attention to them as the work of "the English Opium-Eater." In the following year the *Confessions* were issued in a small volume, and had a ready sale. It was not only in the *Confessions* that De Quincey was autobiographical. Into most of his writings, even into his critical essays on *The Lake Poets*, his own experiences were freely introduced.

15. While contributing to the "London Magazine," De Quincey lived chiefly in London, occupying a small room at the back of the premises of Bohn the publisher. That continued not for months merely, but for several years, his wife and children meantime living quietly in the little Westmoreland cottage. He counted among his friends Charles Lamb,¹ William Hazlitt,² Charles Knight,³ and Tom Hood;⁴ but he grew more and more reserved, nervous, and shy, and his friends often lost sight of him. During this residence in London, there was a serious return to the habit of taking opium in large quantities; and there was a renewal of his troubles about money. He was almost destitute, when help from his mother saved him. Then he returned to Westmoreland.

16. His first article in "Blackwood's Magazine," appeared in 1826. In the following year he contributed to it his famous essay *On Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts*. His connection with "Blackwood," which was the result of his friendship with Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North"), led him to pay frequent visits to Edinburgh. In 1830 he removed to Edinburgh with his family; and there, or in its neighbourhood, he spent the remainder of his days.

17. Though his opium-eating was kept within bounds at this time, his eccentric mode of living in other respects continued. While his family lived in his own house, first at Duddingston and afterwards at Lasswade, he spent most of his time in lodgings in Edinburgh. He changed his lodgings frequently, partly because of money troubles, partly in order to get more elbow-room for his work and more stowage for his books and papers. When one

¹ Charles Lamb, author of the "Essays of Elia." (1775-1834.)

² William Hazlitt, critic and essayist. (1778-1830.)

³ Charles Knight, publisher, author, and Shakespearian editor. (1791-1873.)

⁴ Tom Hood, humorist, poet, and essayist. (1798-1845.)

lodging became choked up with his machinery, he removed himself to another and began there a new pile. In this way he is known to have occupied as many as four different lodgings at one time, and he lived in constant dread of being pursued by landladies.

18. After his wife's death in 1837, this erratic mode of life became confirmed. He spent many happy evenings, however, at Lasswade with his daughters, who loved him tenderly and bore with his strange ways. His literary work went on vigorously and without interruption. He wrote for "Blackwood," for "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine," and for "Hogg's Instructor." During these later years he had two excessive fits of opium-eating—the last in 1848. About the same time he seems to have got rid entirely of money difficulties, so that he was able to spend his few remaining years without annoyance from his two great enemies—opium and debt.

19. These years were busy ones. An American edition of his collected works, begun in 1851, suggested the issue of a similar edition at home, revised and annotated by the author. This was undertaken by Mr. Hogg, the publisher of "Hogg's Instructor." De Quincey entered into the scheme with eagerness. He settled himself permanently in his favourite lodgings in No. 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh, and there he worked as long as strength remained to him. The first volume was issued in 1853, and the fourteenth and last in 1860—a few months after De Quincey's death. That event took place in his lodgings in Lothian Street on December 8, 1859.

20. De Quincey is not a simple writer. His language is learned, and his sentences are often involved in structure and overloaded with material. Nevertheless he is one of the most scrupulously exact of English

authors; and his style is always characterized by a curious dignity which is not inconsistent with the familiar homeliness of his personal sketches.

SUMMARY OF DE QUINCEY'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year. Age.

- 1785.....Born at Manchester, August 15.
 1791... 6...Death of his sister Elizabeth, aged ten.
 1792... 7...Death of his father.
 1796...11...Family removes to Bath—Thomas attends the Grammar School.
 1799...14...Leaves the Bath school.
 1800...15...Travels in England and Ireland—Goes to Manchester Grammar School.
 1802...17...Runs away from school—Wanders in North Wales for five months—Goes to London—Wild vagrant life.
 1803...18...Goes to Worcester College, Oxford.
 1804...19...First use of opium, for neuralgia.
 1807...22...Leaves Oxford without a degree—Meeting with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey.
 1809...24...Goes to live at Townend, Grasmere—Meets with John Wilson ("Christopher North").
 1812...27...Financial troubles—Becomes a confirmed opium-eater.
 1816...31...Marries Margaret Simpson.
 1818...33...Time of the experiences described in the *Confessions*.
 1819...34...Edits the "Westmoreland Gazette."
 1821...36...*Confessions of an Opium-Eater* appear in the "London Magazine" (September, October).
 1822...37...Contributes regularly to the "London Magazine" till 1824.
 1825...40...Renewed money troubles—Help from his mother.
 1826...41...Begins to contribute to "Blackwood's Magazine."
 1827...42...Essay on *Kant—On Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts*.
 1830...45...Removes to Edinburgh with his family—Writes in "Blackwood" and "Tait's Magazine."
 1837...52...Death of his wife.
 1838...53...Lodges at 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh.
 1840...55...Family lives at Lasswade—he in lodgings.
 1845...60...Writes a *Sequel to the Confessions*, in "Blackwood."
 1848...63...Last opium crisis.
 1849...64...*The English Mail Coach*, and *A Vision of Sudden Death*, in "Blackwood"—Writes for "Hogg's Weekly Instructor."
 1851...66...American edition of *Collected Works* begun.
 1852...67...Settles permanently in No. 42 Lothian Street.
 1853...68...English edition of *Collected Works* begun (finished in 1860).
 1859...74...Dies at Edinburgh, December 8.

SELECTIONS FROM DE QUINCEY.

THE SNOW-BOUND ORPHANS.

[The following touching story is from De Quincey's *Recollections of The Lakes*. Mr. and Mrs. Green, who lived in Easedale, went to attend a sale of furniture at a house in Langdale, leaving six young children at home. They went by a short cut, of not more than five or six miles over the hills, and as they walked by daylight, they met with no difficulty. The sale over, they started to return home late in the evening, by the same path by which they had gone.]

1. The final recollections of the crowd with respect to George and Sarah Green were, that, upon their intention being understood to retrace their morning path, and to attempt the perilous task of dropping down into Easedale¹ from the mountains above Langdale-head, a sound of remonstrance arose from many quarters. However, at such a moment, when everybody was in the hurry of departure, and to such persons (persons, I mean, so mature in years and in local knowledge), the opposition could not be very obstinate; party after party rode off; the meeting melted away, or, as the northern phrase is, *scaled*; and at length nobody was left of any weight that could pretend to influence the decision of elderly people.

2. They quitted the scene, professing to obey some advice or other upon the choice of roads; but, at as early a point as they could do so unobserved, began to ascend the hills, everywhere open from the rude carriage-way. After this they were seen no more. They had disappeared into the cloud of death. Voices were heard, some hours afterwards, from the mountains—voices, as some thought, of alarm; others said, No, that it was only the voices of jovial people, carried by the wind into uncertain regions. The result was that no attention was paid to the sounds.

¹ Easedale. In the west of Westmoreland. The stream of the valley flows into Grasmere from the north-west, passing

through the village of Grasmere. Langdale is south of Easedale.

3. That night, in little peaceful Easedale, six children sat by a peat-fire, expecting the return of their parents, upon whom they depended for their daily bread. Let a day pass, and they were starving. Every sound was heard with anxiety ; for all this was reported many hundred times to Miss Wordsworth,¹ and to those who, like myself, were never wearied of hearing the details. Every sound, every echo amongst the hills, was listened to for five hours, from seven to twelve. At length the eldest girl of the family—about nine years old—told her little brothers and sisters to go to bed. They had been trained to obedience ; and all of them, at the voice of their eldest sister, went off fearfully² to their beds.

4. What could be *their* fears it is difficult to say ; they had no knowledge to instruct them in the dangers of the hills ; but the eldest sister always averred that they had as deep a solicitude as she herself had about their parents. Doubtless she had communicated her fears to *them*. Some time in the course of the evening—but it was late, and after midnight—the moon arose, and shed a torrent of light upon the Langdale fells,³ which had already, long hours before, witnessed in darkness the death of their parents.

5. That night, and the following morning, came a further and a heavier fall of snow, in consequence of which the poor children were completely imprisoned, and cut off from all possibility of communicating with their next neighbours. The brook was too much for them to leap, and the little, crazy wooden bridge could not be crossed, or even approached with safety, from the drifting of the snow having made it impossible to ascertain the exact situation of some treacherous hole in its timbers, which, if trod upon, would have let a small child drop through into the rapid waters.

6. Their parents did not return. For some hours of the morning the children clung to the hope that the extreme

1 Miss Wordsworth, sister of Wordsworth the poet. (See p. 85, § 11.)

2 Fearfully, in great fear.

3 Fells, barren or stony hills.

severity of the night had tempted them to sleep in Langdale; but this hope forsook them as the day wore away. Their father, George Green, had served as a soldier, and was an active man, of ready resources, who would not, under any circumstances, have failed to force a road back to his family had he been still living; and this reflection, or rather semi-conscious feeling, which the awfulness of their situation forced upon the minds of all but the mere infants, awakened them to the whole extent of their calamity.

7. The poor desolate children, hourly becoming more pathetically convinced that they were orphans, gave many evidences of this awaking power, as lodged, by a providential arrangement, in situations of trial that most require it. They huddled together in the evening round their hearth-fire of peats, and held their little family councils upon what was to be done towards any chance—if chance remained—of yet giving aid to their parents; for a slender hope had sprung up that some hovel or sheep-fold might have furnished them a screen (or, in Westmoreland phrase, a *biell*) against the weather quarter of the storm, in which hovel they might even now be lying snowed up; and, secondly, as regarded themselves, in what way they were to make known their situation, in case the snow should continue, or should increase; for starvation stared them in the face, if they should be confined for many days to their house.

8. Meantime the eldest sister, little Agnes, though sadly alarmed, and feeling the sensation of *eeriness*¹ as twilight came on, and she looked out from the cottage-door to the dreadful fells on which, too probably, her parents were lying corpses (and possibly not many hundred yards from her own threshold), yet exerted herself to take all the measures which their own prospects made prudent.

9. And she told Miss Wordsworth that, in the midst of the oppression on her little spirit, from vague ghostly terrors, she did not fail, however, to draw some comfort from the considera-

¹ *Eeriness*, fear of spirits; the same as the "vague ghostly terrors" of § 9.

tion that the very same causes which produced their danger in one direction, sheltered them from danger of another kind—such dangers as she knew, from books that she had read, would have threatened a little desolate flock of children in other parts of England; for she considered thankfully that, if *they* could not get out into Grasmere, on the other hand, bad men, and wild seafaring foreigners, who sometimes passed along the high road even in that vale, could not get to *them*; and that, as to their neighbours, so far from having anything to fear in that quarter, their greatest apprehension was lest they might not be able to acquaint them with their situation; but that, if this could be accomplished, the very sternest amongst them were kind-hearted people that would contend with each other for the privilege of assisting them.

10. Somewhat cheered with these thoughts, and having caused all her brothers and sisters—except the two little things, not yet of a fit age—to kneel down and say the prayers which they had been taught, this admirable little maiden turned herself to every household task that could have proved useful to them in a long captivity. First of all, upon some recollection that the clock was nearly going down, she wound it up. Next, she took all the milk which remained from what her mother had provided for the children's consumption during her absence, and for the breakfast of the following morning—this luckily was still in sufficient plenty for two days' consumption (skimmed or "blue" milk being only one halfpenny a quart, and the quart a most redundant one, in Grasmere)—this she took and scalded, so as to save it from turning sour.

11. That done, she next examined the meal chest; made the common oatmeal porridge of the country, but put all of the children, except the two youngest, on short allowance; and, by way of reconciling them in some measure to this stinted meal, she found out a little hoard of flour, part of which she baked for them upon the hearth into little cakes; and this unusual delicacy persuaded them to think that they had been celebrating a feast.

12. Next, before night coming on should make it too trying to her own feelings, or before fresh snow coming on might make it impossible, she issued out of doors. There her first task was, with the assistance of two younger brothers, to carry in from the peat-stack as many peats as might serve them for a week's consumption. That done, in the second place she examined the potatoes, buried in "brackens" (that is, withered fern): these were not many, and she thought it better to leave them where they were, excepting as many as would make a single meal, under a fear that the heat of their cottage would spoil them if removed.

13. Having thus made all the provision in her power for supporting their own lives, she turned her attention to the cow. Her she milked; but unfortunately the milk she gave, either from being badly fed,¹ or from some other cause, was too trifling to be of much consideration towards the wants of a large family. Here, however, her chief anxiety was to get down the hay for the cow's food from a loft above the out-house: and in this she succeeded but imperfectly, from want of strength and size to cope with the difficulties of the case; besides, that the increasing darkness by this time, together with the gloom of the place, made it a matter of great self-conquest for her to work at all; but, as respected one night at any rate, she placed the cow in a situation of luxurious warmth and comfort.

14. Then retreating into the warm house, and "barring" the door, she sat down to undress the two youngest of the children; them she laid carefully and cosily in their little nests upstairs, and sang them to sleep. The rest she kept up to bear her company until the clock should tell them it was midnight; up to which time she had still a lingering hope that some welcome shout from the hills above, which they were all to strain their ears to catch, might yet assure them that they were not wholly orphans, even though one parent should have perished. No

¹ From being badly fed. This ought to | applies to the milk. The scholar should apply to the cow; but, as expressed, it | be asked to amend the sentence.

shout, it may be supposed, was ever heard ; nor could a shout, in any case, have been heard, for the night was one of tumultuous wind. And though, amidst its ravings, sometimes they fancied a sound of voices, still, in the dead lulls that now and then succeeded, they heard nothing to confirm their hopes.

15. As last services to what she might now have called her own little family, Agnes took precautions against the drifting of the snow *within* the door and *within* the imperfect window, which had caused them some discomfort on the preceding day ; and finally, she adopted the most systematic and elaborate plans for preventing the possibility of their fire being extinguished, which, in the event of their being thrown upon the ultimate resource of their potatoes, would be absolutely indispensable to their existence, and in any case a main element of their comfort.

16. The night slipped away, and morning came, bringing with it no better hopes of any kind. Change there had been none, but for the worse. The snow had greatly increased in quantity, and the drifts seemed far more formidable. A second day passed like the first ; little Agnes still keeping her young flock quiet, and tolerably comfortable ; and still calling on all the elders in succession to say their prayers, morning and night.

17. A third day came ; and whether on that or on the fourth, I do not now recollect, but on one or other there came a welcome gleam of hope. The arrangement of the snow-drifts had shifted during the night ; and, though the wooden bridge was still impracticable, a low wall had been exposed, over which, by a circuit which evaded the brook, it seemed possible that a road might be found into Grasmere. In some walls it was necessary to force gaps ; but this was effected without much difficulty, even by children ; for the Westmoreland field walls are "open," that is, uncemented with mortar ; and the push of a stick will generally detach so much from the upper part of any old crazy fence as to lower it sufficiently for female or even for childish steps to pass.

18. The little boys accompanied their sister until she came to the other side of the hill, which, lying more sheltered from the weather, offered a path onwards comparatively easy. Here they parted; and little Agnes pursued her solitary mission to the nearest house she could find accessible in Grasmere.

19. No house could have proved a wrong one in such a case. Miss Wordsworth and I often heard the description renewed of the horror which, in an instant, displaced the smile of hospitable greeting, when little weeping Agnes told her sad tale. No tongue can express the fervid sympathy which travelled through the vale, like fire in an American forest, when it was learned that neither George nor Sarah Green had been seen by their children since the day of the Langdale sale. Within half an hour, or little more, from the remotest parts of the valley—some of them distant nearly two miles from the point of rendezvous—all the men of Grasmere had assembled at the little cluster of cottages called “Kirktown,” from its adjacency to the venerable parish church of St. Oswald.....

20. Sixty, at least, after a short consultation as to the plan of operations, and for arranging the kind of signals by which they were to communicate from great distances, and in the perilous events of mists or snow-storms, set off with the speed of Alpine hunters to the hills. The dangers of the undertaking were considerable, under the uneasy and agitated state of the weather; and all the women of the vale were in the greatest anxiety, until night brought them back, in a body, unsuccessful. Three days at the least, and I rather think five, the search was ineffectual.....

21. At length, sagacious dogs were taken up; and, about noonday, a shout from an aerial height, amongst thick volumes of cloudy vapour, propagated through repeating bands of men from a distance of many miles, conveyed as by telegraph into Grasmere the news that the bodies were found. George Green was lying at the bottom of a precipice, from which he had fallen. Sarah Green was found on the summit of the precipice.

[22. After the funeral of the parents, the orphan children were distributed among the families of the vale. The story excited great interest all over the country. A considerable sum of money, to which the members of the Royal Family contributed, was raised for their support.]

WORDSWORTH'S HOUSEHOLD.

[In 1807, De Quincey, then twenty-two years of age, made the acquaintance of Coleridge, who was staying at Bridgewater with his wife and three children. They met again at Bristol a few weeks later. Mrs. Coleridge and her children were on their way to the Lakes; but as Coleridge, who was busy with lectures, could not accompany them, De Quincey offered his services as escort and protector. They travelled by post-chaise, and made several stoppages on the way. The last of these before they reached their destination (Southey's house at Keswick) was at Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere. In order to understand the allusion in § 1, it is necessary to say that, when they came near to Grasmere, De Quincey and the two Coleridge boys alighted from the carriage in order to walk up a hilly part of the road.]

1. Never before or since can I reproach myself with having trembled at the approaching presence of any creature that is born of woman, excepting only, for once or twice in my life, woman herself. Now, however, I *did* tremble; and I forgot, what in no other circumstances I could have forgotten, to stop for the coming up of the chaise, that I might be ready to hand Mrs. Coleridge out. Had Charlemagne¹ and all his peerage been behind me, or Cæsar and his equipage, or Death on his pale horse, I should have forgotten them at that moment of intense expectation, and of eyes fascinated to what lay before me, or what might in a moment appear.

2. Through the little gate I pressed forward; ten steps beyond it lay the principal door of the house. To this, no

¹ Had Charlemagne, etc. This sentence shows how great was the influence—the fascination—which Wordsworth, by his writings only, had acquired over De Quincey's mind. It also shows how quick to receive impressions that mind was. Not the

pageantry of the Roman dictator (Julius Cæsar, 100-44 B.C.), or of the great emperor of the West (Charles the Great, 742-814 A.D.), not even the terrors of death, could have turned aside his mind from the supreme object on which it was fixed.

longer clearly conscious of my own feelings, I passed on rapidly: I heard a step, a voice, and like a flash of lightning, I saw the figure emerge of a tallish man, who held out his hand and saluted me with most cordial expressions of welcome. The chaise, however, drawing up to the gate at that moment, he (and there needed no Roman nomenclator¹ to tell me that this *he* was Wordsworth) felt himself summoned to advance and receive Mrs. Coleridge. I therefore, stunned almost with the actual accomplishment of a catastrophe so long anticipated, and so long postponed, mechanically went forward into the house.

3. A little semi-vestibule² between two doors prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscotted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was; a perfect and unpretending cottage window, with little diamond panes, embowered at almost every season of the year with roses; and in the summer and autumn, with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs.

4. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainscotting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air. However, I saw sufficiently to be aware of two ladies just entering the room through a doorway opening upon a little staircase. The foremost, a tallish young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features, advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner.

5. This was Mrs. Wordsworth, cousin of the poet; and for the last five years or more, his wife. She was now mother of two children, a son and a daughter; and she furnished a re-

1 Nomenclator, one who gave names to things, or announced the names of persons. | 2 Semi-vestibule, a kind of hall or lobby.

markable proof how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigour of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain—to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect, and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements. *Words*, I was going to have added ; but her words were few. In reality, she talked so little, that Mr. Slave-Trade Clarkson¹ used to allege against her that she could only say “*God bless you !*” Certainly, her intellect was not of an active order ; but in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts ; and it would have been strange indeed, if she, who enjoyed such eminent advantages of training, from the daily society of her husband and his sister, failed to acquire some power of judging for herself, and putting forth some functions of activity.

6. But undoubtedly that was not her element : to feel and to enjoy in a luxurious repose of mind—there was her *forte*² and her peculiar privilege ; and how much better this was adapted to her husband’s taste, how much more adapted to uphold the comfort of his daily life, than a blue-stocking loquacity,³ or even a legitimate talent for discussion, may be inferred from his verses, beginning,—

“ She was a phantom of delight,⁴
When first she gleamed upon my sight.”

Once for all, these exquisite lines were dedicated to Mrs. Wordsworth ; were understood to describe her—to have been prompted by the feminine graces of her character ; hers they

1 Mr. Slave-Trade Clarkson, Thomas Clarkson, who devoted his life to the abolition of slavery and of the slave-trade. (1760-1846.)

2 Her forte, her strong point.

3 Blue-stocking loquacity, the talkativeness of literary women. The name

Blue-stocking arose in Dr. Johnson’s time, when there was a club of literary women, a prominent member of which always wore blue stockings.

4 She was a phantom of delight. See the poem, in the previous volume of GREAT AUTHORS, p. 263.

are, and will remain for ever. To these, therefore, I may refer the reader for an idea of what was most important in the partner and second-self of the poet.

7. And I will add to this abstract of her *moral* portrait, these few concluding traits of her appearance in a physical sense. Her figure was tolerably good. In complexion she was fair, and there was something peculiarly pleasing even in this accident of the skin, for it was accompanied by an animated expression of health, a blessing which, in fact, she possessed uninterruptedly. Her eyes, the reader may already know, were—

“ Like stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dark brown hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.”

8. Yet strange it is to tell that, in these eyes of vespertine gentleness, there was a considerable obliquity of vision ; and much beyond that slight obliquity which is often supposed to be an attractive foible in the countenance : this *ought* to have been displeasing or repulsive ; yet, in fact, it was not. Indeed all faults, had they been ten times more and greater, would have been neutralized by that supreme expression of her features, to the unity of which every lineament in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts of her countenance, concurred, namely, a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness—such as in this world I never saw surpassed.

9. Immediately behind her moved a lady, shorter, slighter, and perhaps, in all other respects, as different from her in personal characteristics as could have been wished for the most effective contrast. “ Her face was of Egyptian brown ; ” rarely, in a woman of English birth had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth’s, nor were they fierce or bold ; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion.

10. Her manner was warm and even ardent ; her sensibility

seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irrepressible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age, and her maidenly condition, gave to her whole demeanour, and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered in point of clearness and steadiness, from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times, the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer, and so determinately to stammer, that a stranger who should have seen her and quitted her in that state of feeling, would have certainly set her down for one plagued with that infirmity of speech as distressingly as Charles Lamb¹ himself.

11. This was Miss Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet—his “Dorothy;” who naturally owed so much to the life-long intercourse with her great brother, in his most solitary and sequestered years; but, on the other hand, to whom he has acknowledged obligations of the profoundest nature; and in particular, this mighty one, through which we also, the admirers and the worshippers of this great poet, are become equally her debtors—that, whereas the intellect of Wordsworth was, by its original tendency, too stern, too austere, too much enamoured of an ascetic harsh sublimity,² she it was—the lady who paced by his side continually through sylvan and mountain tracks, in Highland glens, and in the dim recesses of German charcoal-burners—that first *couched* his eye³ to the sense of

1 Charles Lamb, already referred to as one of De Quincey's friends. He was very nervous and excitable as a child, and the stammer, which remained with him all through life, was probably only a form of his constitutional nervousness.

2 Ascetic harsh sublimity, a lofty and ungenial nature.

3 Couched, adapted or levelled. But

to “couch the eye” is often used in surgery to describe the operation of removing cataract, or the filmy blinding humour that causes cataract. But it is properly the cataract, and not the eye, that is thus “couched.” Couch is there used in the sense of to depress, or lay down, the operation consisting in pressing down the humour into the lower part of the eye.

beauty, humanized him by the gentler charities, and engrafted, with her delicate female touch, those graces upon the ruder growths of his nature which have since clothed the forest of his genius with a foliage corresponding in loveliness and beauty to the strength of its boughs and the massiness of its trunks.

12. Miss Wordsworth did not cultivate the graces which preside over the person and its carriage. But, on the other hand, she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually; and in addition to the other great services which she rendered to her brother, this I may mention, as greater than all the rest, and it was one which equally operated to the benefit of every casual companion in a walk—namely, the exceeding sympathy, always ready and always profound, by which she made all that one could tell her, all that one could describe, all that one could quote from a foreign author, reverberate to one's own feelings, by the manifest impression it made upon *hers*.

13. The pulses of light are not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathizing attention. Her knowledge of literature was irregular, and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart.

14. Such were the two ladies, who, with himself and two children, and at that time one servant, composed the poet's household. They were both, I believe, about twenty-eight years old; and, if the reader inquires about the single point which I have left untouched in their portraiture—namely, the style of their manners—I may say that it was, in *some* points, naturally of a plain household simplicity, but every way pleasing, unaffected, and (as respects Mrs. Wordsworth) even dignified.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BORN 1783—DIED 1859.

1. "Irving was the first ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to the Old." In these words Thackeray¹ happily described the proud position of Washington Irving in English literature. That literature is one, whether the works composing it are produced in England, in America, or in Australia. Irving's peculiar merit was that he was the first American writer who was recognized as worthy of a place among the Great Authors of English literature. He has been followed by others who have kept up the American succession in English letters—by Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. As the representatives of these New England authors, we take Irving and Longfellow.

2. Washington Irving was born at New York on April 3, 1783. The war by which the American colonists had won their independence was just over, and General George Washington was hailed as the Father of his country. Many children born about that time received the name of the national hero, and the future author of the *Sketch Book* was one of those who bore it most worthily. Irving's father was a native of Orkney, and his mother was an Englishwoman from Falmouth. The father had at first gone to America in the service of the merchant navy, but he afterwards settled in New York

¹ Thackeray, William Makepeace. See page 174.



Washington Irving

as a merchant; and at the time of his son's birth he was at the head of a prosperous business.

3. Irving's regular education ended with the common school course, when he was sixteen years of age. Thereafter he educated himself, with the aid of books and men and nature. On leaving school he was sent to a lawyer's office, his father having resolved that he should follow the profession of the law. He found his greatest delight, however, in his father's well-stocked library. Without knowing or intending it, he was there preparing himself for his real calling in life. He ranged at will over the wide field of English literature, from Chaucer and Spenser to Addison and Goldsmith. On holidays he made excursions with his brothers and other friends up the river Hudson, or he roamed through the woods

which in those days made Manhattan Island¹ still rural and picturesque. Thus he acquired that knowledge of the country and of its customs and local traditions of which he afterwards made such good use in his writings.

4. In his nineteenth year he began to write for a newspaper conducted by his brother Peter.² Then his health broke down—he was threatened with disease of the lungs. His friends advised a visit to Europe, in the hope that the voyage and the change of climate and of scene would restore his health. He sailed in the end of 1803 or the beginning of 1804, landed at Bordeaux, and travelled through France and Italy as far as to Rome. There he met Washington Allston³—another of the first President's name-children—who was studying art. So fascinated was Irving with the art treasures of Italy and with the life of the studios, that he had some thoughts of himself becoming an artist. That, however, was but a passing fancy.

5. His health being restored, he turned his face homeward. First of all, however, he visited England, taking Paris and Brussels on his way. This first visit to Europe formed an important part of Irving's education. It made the Old World a reality to him; it brought him into contact for the first time with English scenes and English minds; and it led him to view men and things through a new medium, and to see them in a different light.

6. On returning to America in 1806, he completed his studies in law, and was called to the bar; but he made no great effort to obtain business as a lawyer. He preferred the writing of tales and sketches, and the

¹ Manhattan Island, now covered by New York City.

² Peter, known as "Jonathan Oldstyle."

³ Washington Allston, painter and poet; author of "The Sylphs of the Seasons," (1779-1843.)

excitement of literary ventures. His humorous powers were first shown in a periodical called *Salmagundi* (1807-8), produced with the help of his brother William and his friend J. K. Paulding.¹ The paper was full of clever satire on the follies of the time, and was very successful.

7. Irving's next effort showed the possession of still higher powers, and brought its author wider fame. That was a burlesque *History of New York* (1809), professedly written by "Diedrich Knickerbocker," a Dutchman. New York was then a comparatively small place—its population did not exceed 50,000—and many of the people were descended from the original Dutch settlers, whose quaint manners and customs they retained. Of these Irving had been a close observer, and he described them with great zest and drollery in this book. He began it with the intention of casting ridicule on a pedantic history of New York in a local guide-book; but as the work went on the author's ideas expanded, and before he had done he added to literature a new type of character.

8. Though Irving had not yet attained the finish and the polished style of his more mature works, the originality and power of his conception as well as his quaintness were universally recognized. One of the first to appreciate these qualities was Sir Walter Scott, who read *Knickerbocker's History* with delight, and who was by-and-by able to give the author the benefit of his appreciation.

9. During the next two years Irving conducted a magazine in Philadelphia, called "The Analectic," contributing to it many papers and sketches, which after-

¹ J. K. Paulding, author of several novels and satirical sketches, and of a "Life of Washington." (1778-1860.)

wards appeared in his *Sketch Book* and in other volumes. In 1814, during the war with England, he acted for a short time as aide-de-camp to Governor Tompkins; and at the close of the war he again visited Europe for the benefit of his health (1815). First he made a tour on the Continent; then he went to England, where he was heartily welcomed by Campbell, Scott, and Moore, and he was soon introduced into the best literary society. From these charming recreations he was suddenly recalled to hard work.

10. On the death of his father, Irving had found himself in the comfortable position of being a sleeping partner in the mercantile house of which his brother was now the head. That house had suffered greatly through its Liverpool branch from the depression of trade caused by the long European war. After struggling hopelessly for many months, the firm became bankrupt, and Washington Irving was thrown on his own resources. He resolved at once, and without much regret, to make literature his profession. For that his visit to England had completed his preparation; but the visit had another effect, which cannot be considered quite so satisfactory. The long period which he then spent in England, in close intercourse with English men of letters, led him away from the peculiar vein of humour and of character which he had developed in *Knickerbocker's History*, and made him, in fact, an English author.

11. The first book he produced as a professional author was the *Sketch Book*, in part a reproduction of magazine articles. Its issue in serial form began in New York in 1818. He tried to induce first Murray and then Constable to publish it in England; but both declined to do so. Then Scott appealed to Murray, told

him of the genius revealed in *Knickerbocker*, and advised him to publish Irving's new book. That Murray did. He gave Irving £400 for the copyright of the work in England; and it was at once successful, and the author of *Rip Van Winkle* was recognized as an English classic.

12. Then followed *Bracebridge Hall*, a delightful story, which takes rank with the *Sketch Book* as the most characteristic of his works. It is thoroughly English, however, both in its scenes and in its humour. He spent the next winter in Dresden, where he mixed freely in society; and that was followed by a season in Paris. His *Tales of a Traveller* appeared in 1824.

13. After that he settled for some time in Spain. In 1825 Mr. A. H. Everett, the United States Minister at Madrid, requested him to make translations of some recently-discovered papers bearing on the history of Columbus. He accordingly went to Madrid; and the result of that visit, and of a second one in 1827, was his admirable *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, published in 1828. That work was followed by another, on the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*. While in Spain he also collected materials for his *Conquest of Granada*, *The Alhambra*, *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, and *Mahomet and his Successors*.

14. In the meantime, he had been appointed secretary to the American legation in London—an appointment due entirely to his literary eminence. In 1829 the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

15. On his return to America in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, Irving was welcomed by his countrymen with great rejoicings. They were justly

proud of him, and of the position he had taken among English men of letters.

16. His next works were American in their subjects. An excursion beyond the Mississippi furnished him with material for a work entitled *A Tour in the Western Prairies*. He then built for himself a pleasant home at "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, near his own "Sleepy Hollow."¹ His next work was *Astoria*, an account of the fur-trading settlement in Oregon, founded by his friend John Jacob Astor of New York. That was followed by *Captain Bonneville*, a story based on the unpublished memoirs of a veteran hunter; and by a volume of essays similar to those in the *Sketch Book*, and entitled *Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost*.

17. In 1842 Irving went to Spain as American Minister, and spent four years at Madrid. During that time he rested from his literary labours. On his return to America, he expanded a forgotten essay into a *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, which was published in 1848. His last work was the most elaborate though not the most successful of all his productions—a *Life of Washington*, in five volumes.

18. He had just finished that work when he died suddenly of heart disease at Sunnyside, November 28th, 1859. He was never married. He had been engaged in his youth to Miss Matilda Hoffman. She died in her eighteenth year, and he remained faithful to her memory.

19. In respect of classic elegance of style, Irving was a follower of Addison; in respect of humour, his model was evidently Goldsmith, who was his favourite author. In lightness of touch and felicity of phrase, he has few equals among English authors. His biographical writings are masterly examples of that style of

¹ Sleepy Hollow. See "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" in the *Sketch Book*.

composition, so thoroughly did he understand the art of subordinating historical and incidental details to the main purpose of the narrative. He wrote no verse, but there is a great deal of true poetry in his writings; and his descriptions of natural scenery and of animal life show him to have been a close and accurate observer.

SUMMARY OF WASHINGTON IRVING'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year. Age.

- 1783.....Born at New York, April 3—Educated at common school.
 1799...16...Enters a lawyer's office.
 1802...19...Writes essays for his brother's newspaper, "The Chronicle."
 1803...20...Voyage to Europe for his health.
 1806...23...Called to the bar.
 1807...24...Conducts *Salmagundi* along with his brother and J. K. Paulding
 1809...26...*Knickerbocker's History of New York*.
 1810...27...*Memoir of Thomas Campbell* the poet.
 1812...29...Edits the "Analectic Magazine" at Philadelphia (and 1813).
 Death of his father—He becomes sleeping partner in the firm.
 1815...32...Goes to live in England—Failure of his brother's firm.
 1818...35...*Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch Book* published in America—Friendship
 with Campbell, Scott, Moore, and Jeffrey.
 1820...37...The *Sketch Book* published in London by Murray.
 1822...39...*Bracebridge Hall*, an English story.
 1823...40...In Dresden and Paris.
 1824...41...*Tales of a Traveller*.
 1825...42...Visits Madrid.
 1827...44...Second visit to Madrid.
 1828...45...*Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*.
 Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus.
 1829...46...Secretary to the American Legation in London—LL.D., Oxford.
 1830...47...*The Conquest of Granada*.
 1831...48...*The Alhambra—Legends of the Conquest of Spain*.
 1832...49...Returns to America—Enthusiastic reception.
 Excursion across the Mississippi—*Tour in the Western Prairies*—
 Settles at Sunnyside—*Astoria*.
 Captain Bonneville—Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost.
 1842...59...American Minister in Spain.
 1846...63...Returns to America.
 1848...65...*Life of Goldsmith*.
 1850...67...*Lives of Mahomet and his Successors*.
 Life of Washington.
 1859...76...Dies at Sunnyside, November 28.

SELECTIONS FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

[This famous story is from the *Sketch Book*. Irving's narrative begins at the third paragraph. The first and second paragraphs are abridged.]

RIP'S CHARACTER.

1. [In a little village at the foot of the Kaatskill mountains, there lived many years ago a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a kind neighbour and an obedient hen-pecked¹ husband, who stood greatly in awe of his ill-tempered wife. With all the good wives of the village, and with the children, he was a great favourite. He had, however, one serious fault, namely a rooted dislike to all kinds of profitable labour. He was always ready to do odd jobs, or to run errands, for his neighbours; but he never would do a stroke of work for himself, and his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. His children were as ragged and wild as if they had belonged to nobody.

2. [His constant friend and sole ally was his dog Wolf, which was as much hen-pecked as his master. Often Rip was glad to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, and to stroll away into the woods, with his gun on his shoulder, and his favourite Wolf trotting by his side.]

ON THE KAATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

3. In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains.² He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-

¹ Hen-pecked, applied to a husband who is constantly scolded and nagged by his wife: like a cock pecked at by a *hen*.

² Kaatskill mountains, or Catskill, a group of the Alleghanies in the United States, chiefly in the State of New York.

echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland.

4. On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene: evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

HE MEETS A STRANGE FIGURE.

5. As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

6. On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled

beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion ;—a cloth jerkin,¹ strapped round the waist ; several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity ; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

7. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud.

A GROUP OF ODD CHARACTERS.

8. On entering the amphitheatre new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion : some wore short doublets ;² others jerkins, with long knives in their belts ; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar : one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes ; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail.

1 Jerkin, a short coat.
(844)

2 Doublets, under-garments, or waistcoats.

They all had beards of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger,¹ high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

9. What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

10. As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre² countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied³ the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling: they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

RIP FALLS ASLEEP.

11. By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

HE AWAKES AGAIN.

12. On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence

1 Hanger, a short sword with curved point, named from its *hanging* by the side.

2 Lack-lustre, wanting in intelligence.

3 Emptied, should be "poured." The vessel is emptied, not its contents.

he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep:—the strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at nine-pins—the flagon. “Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip; “what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

13. He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustured with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters¹ of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

14. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening’s gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip; “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.”

15. With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs! He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras,² and witch-hazel, and some-

1 Roisters, revellers; carousers.

2 Sassafras, a kind of laurel.

times tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

16. At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog: he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

HE RETURNS TO THE VILLAGE.

17. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

18. He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he

recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered : it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him ; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly !”

19. It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name ; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me !”

20. He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

21. He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn ; but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats ; and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall

naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed.¹ The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

RIP TAKEN FOR A SPY.

22. There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious² tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm³ and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

23. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity.

1 Metamorphosed, changed.
2 Disputatious, quarrelsome.

3 Phlegm, sluggishness.

24. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?"¹ Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

25. Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

RIP BEWILDERED.

26. Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

27. "Where's Brom Dutcher?"

¹ Federal, Democrat, two political parties in the United States.

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war: some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

28. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

29. Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"Heaven knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

30. The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

31. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman, pressed

through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and he never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

32. Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice,—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once; old Rip Van Winkle now—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

RIP IS RECOGNIZED.

33. All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

34. Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in

the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

35. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner.

36. To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto¹ of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but he evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

37. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits: he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and he preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

A RAINY SUNDAY IN AN INN.

[This sketch, delightful for its closeness of observation and its quiet humour, is from *Bracebridge Hall*, Irving's English novel. The scene, as will be noticed, is laid in Derby.]

1. It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight in-

1 The ditto, another version.

disposition, from which I was recovering ; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn ! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound.

2. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day.

3. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck ; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back ; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide ; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves ; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp ; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself. Everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled, like boon-companions, round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

4. I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the

streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

5. The day continued lowering and gloomy: the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along: there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing—if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day—when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steam of wet box-coats and upper ben-jamins.¹

6. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler and that nondescript² animal yclept³ Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieu of an inn. But the bustle was transient: the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

7. The evening gradually wore away. The travellers⁴ read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags

1 Benjamins, capes covering the shoulders.

2 Nondescript, not easy to describe.

3 Yclept, called: passive participle of Old English *clypian*, to call.

4 Travellers, commercial travellers.

told several choice anecdotes. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps—that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind ; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chamber-maid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

8. There was only one man left—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric¹ fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him ; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

1 Plethoric, full-blooded ; stout.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BORN 1807—DIED 1882.

1. Longfellow is not only the greatest poet America has produced: he is also entitled to take rank with the greatest English poets of modern times. Hardly any other English poet has appealed more powerfully to the homely affections or to the tenderest and simplest feelings of human nature. His poetry, it has been said, "is a gospel of goodwill set to music. It has carried 'sweetness and light' to thousands of homes. It is blended with our holiest affections and our immortal hopes."¹

2. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on February 27th, 1807. His father was Stephen Longfellow, a lawyer and a Congressman. His mother was Zilpah Wadsworth, a descendant of John Alden, and of "Priscilla,² the Puritan Maiden." His boyhood was spent chiefly in and about his native town. For its quiet life and its lovely surroundings, his strong affection continued all through life. His memories of

"The beautiful town
That is seated by the sea"

are embalmed in his touching poem, *My Lost Youth*, published in his fifty-first year.

3. At the early age of fourteen, Longfellow entered

¹ Francis H. Underwood.

² John Alden...Priscilla, the hero and

the heroine of Longfellow's poem *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.



Henry W. Longfellow

Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, twenty-five miles from Portland. One of his class-fellows was Nathaniel Hawthorne,¹ afterwards well known as the author of "The House of the Seven Gables." Here he discovered his poetical bent in several short poems contributed to "The United States Literary Gazette." After graduating, with honours, in 1825, at the age of eighteen, he remained for a short time at Bowdoin as tutor. He then spent a short time in his father's office, with the idea of becoming a lawyer; but he did not take kindly to the work, for which, indeed, he had no natural aptitude. Fortunately for himself, and for English literature, he was offered and he accepted, though only nineteen years of age, the professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin.

¹ Nathaniel Hawthorne, author also of "The Scarlet Letter," "Tanglewood Tales." | He was for five years United States Consul at Liverpool. (1804-1864.)

4. After his appointment, he received the customary leave of absence, that he might travel in Europe and perfect himself in European languages. The three and a half years that he spent in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England, had a powerful effect on the growth and development of his mind. As in the case of Washington Irving, his contact with the Old World widened his sympathies, and changed his manner of contemplating both nature and human nature. At the same time, it prevented him, as it prevented Irving, from being a purely American author, and it fitted him for taking his place among the exponents of English thought and English feeling. It is remarkable that the two foremost American writers should thus have fallen, in the plastic time of youth, under the influence of Old-World conceptions and scenes.

5. With this equipment for his life work, Longfellow returned to America in 1829, and at once entered on his professorial duties with enthusiasm and confidence in his powers. That high expectations were formed of his labours, may be inferred from the fact that, in 1828, Bowdoin College conferred on him the degree of LL.D. In 1831 he married Mary S. Potter.

6. His first literary work, after he entered on his college duties, consisted of translations, chiefly from the Spanish. He also wrote articles in the "North American Review;" and he published notes of travel, written in a highly poetical vein, under the title, *Outre-Mer* (beyond the sea).

7. In December 1834, he was selected to succeed George Ticknor as Professor of Modern Languages and of *Belles-Lettres* in the University of Harvard—the foremost seat of learning in America. That involved another period of European travel, extending to fifteen

months. In the midst of it, a great sorrow cast its shadow on his young life, in the death of his wife at Rotterdam.

8. On his return to America, he continued his contributions to the "North American Review;" and he published his romance of *Hyperion*—a work glowing with poetic feeling. In the same year (1839), he gave to the world his first volume of poems, under the title, *Voices of the Night*. It contained *The Psalm of Life*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *The Beleaguered City*, and other poems, which were very popular, and marked him out as a poet of the first rank. The issue of another volume of *Ballads and other Poems*, two years later, established his fame, including, as it did, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *Excelsior*, and *The Village Blacksmith*.

9. Longfellow paid a third visit to Europe in 1842, which is chiefly memorable on account of the *Poems on Slavery*, which he wrote on board ship during the homeward voyage. Not long after his return to America, he married his second wife—Frances Appleton. Then, also, he settled in his house at Harvard, which all Americans still regard with feelings of reverence.

10. For the rest, his life was destitute of active interest. Its story consists of little more than a record of his works. For the next eleven years, he continued to discharge faithfully and acceptably the duties of his professorship at Harvard. He wrote a drama of Spanish gipsy life, *The Spanish Student*; he edited "The Poets of Europe;" he published a volume of poems under the general title of *The Belfry of Bruges*; he wrote *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*, the greatest of his poems, and the most successful attempt ever made to adapt the classic hexameter¹ to English verse. He wrote *Kavanaugh*,

(344) ¹ Hexameter, a line of six feet. See head note to "Evangeline."

a second prose romance; *The Seaside and the Fireside*, another volume of verse;* and *The Golden Legend*, a mystery play,—the last-named, in 1851.

11. In 1854, he resigned his professorship at Harvard, and was succeeded by James Russell Lowell.¹ A year later he published the quaint "Indian Edda" or epic, *Hiawatha*; and it was followed by *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, written, like *Evangeline*, in English hexameters, and by *Birds of Passage*, including *My Lost Youth*, a retrospect of his early life. In 1859, the University of Harvard conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

12. In 1861, he had to encounter the second overwhelming sorrow of his life, in the tragic death of his wife, who was burned in his house at Harvard. That event chastened his spirit, but did not extinguish his poetic power. In work he found refuge from his sorrow, and by-and-by he gave the world his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and his translation of the "Divina Commedia" of Dante. In 1868, he received from Cambridge (England) the degree of LL.D.; and in the following year he visited England again, and was made a D.C.L. of Oxford.

13. The most important of the works produced during the last twelve years of the poet's life were *The Divine Tragedy*, *Aftermath*, and *Thermes Trismegistus*, his last poem. He died at Harvard on March 24th, 1882.

14. "We might conceive," writes Mr. Underwood, "of a Longfellow Gallery, better known and more

¹ James Russell Lowell, one of the foremost of recent American authors—poet, critic, editor, teacher. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. His best known work is *The Biglow Papers*, burlesque poems written in the Yankee dialect. His most finished poem is *The*

Vision of Sir Launfal. His best essays are those collected in *My Study Windows* and *Among my Books*. He had been editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" and "The North American Review." From 1890 till 1895 Mr. Lowell was United States Minister to Great Britain. He died in 1891.

fondly cherished than the picture galleries of kings. There, in the place of honour, hangs EVANGELINE, sweetest of rustic heroines, turning her sad face away from the desolate Grand-Pré. Opposite, is the Puritan damsel PRISCILLA, with her bashful clerical lover, and the fiery little captain. In the next panel is the half-frozen sound over which skims the bold NORSEMAN. There, under the chestnut-tree, stands the swart BLACKSMITH, all the love of a father brimming in his eyes. There leans the vast glacier, gleaming in fatal beauty, along whose verge toils upwards the YOUTH with *Excelsior!* on his banner.

15. "Here is pictured the BELFRY OF BRUGES, and the groups of people listening to the heavenly chime of its bells. There, shivering in a wintry sea, is the HESPERUS, a helpless wreck, driving upon Norman's Woe. Yonder stands ALBERT DÜRER, in a street of his beloved, quaint old Nuremberg. There, on the sculptured stairway, is the CLOCK, ticking its eternal *For ever! never! Never! for ever!* Yonder looms up STRASBURG spire, while spirits of the air circle round its pinnacles, and the miracle play goes on below. That is PAUL REVERE, galloping in the gray of the morning along the road to Concord. In that green spot, with the limitless prairie beyond, stands HIAWATHA, looking gloomily westward, whither his path leads him. Lastly, we see a broad frame on which we read in golden letters the legend, *The Divine Tragedy*. Let us not lightly raise the veil."

SUMMARY OF LONGFELLOW'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year. Age.

1807.....Born at Portland, February 27.

1821...14...Enters Bowdoin College—Contributes poems to "The United States Literary Gazette."

1825...18...Graduates at Bowdoin—Remains at college as tutor—Enters his father's office.

Year. Age.

- 1826...19...Appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin—Visits France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England.
- 1828...21...LL.D., Bowdoin College.
- 1829...22...Begins work as professor.
- 1831...24...Marries Mary S. Potter.
- 1833...26...*Translations* from Spanish poetry—First part of *Outre-Mer*.
- 1834...27...Appointed professor at Harvard.
- 1835...28...Conclusion of *Outre-Mer*.
- 1836...29...Travels in Europe—Mrs. Longfellow dies at Rotterdam.
- 1837...30...Contributes to "The North American Review."
- 1839...32...*Hyperion—Voices of the Night*.
- 1841...34...*Ballads, and other Poems*.
- 1842...35...Third visit to Europe—*Poems on Slavery*.
- 1843...36...Marries Frances E. Appleton—Buys house in Harvard—*The Spanish Student*.
- 1845...38...Edits "The Poets of Europe"—*The Belfry of Bruges*.
- 1847...40...*Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*.
- 1849...42...*Kavanagh—The Seaside and the Fireside*.
- 1851...44...*The Golden Legend*.
- 1854...47...Resigns his professorship at Harvard.
- 1855...48...*Hiawatha*.
- 1858...51...*The Courtship of Miles Standish—Birds of Passage* (1).
- 1859...52...LL.D. of Harvard.
- 1861...54...Tragic death of his second wife.
- 1863...56...*Tales of a Wayside Inn—Birds of Passage* (2).
- 1866...59...*Flower de Luce*.
- 1867...60...*Translation of Divina Commedia*.
- 1868...61...LL.D., Cambridge (England)—*New England Tragedies*.
- 1869...62...Visits Europe again—D.C.L., Oxon.
- 1871...64...*The Divine Tragedy*.
- 1872...65...*Three Books of Songs*.
- 1873...66...*Aftermath*.
- 1874...67...*The Hanging of the Crane*.
- 1875...68...*The Mask of Pandora, and other Poems*—Edits "Poems of Places."
- 1878...71...*Keramos, and other Poems*.
- 1880...73...*Ultima Thule*.
- 1881...74...Sonnet on *The Death of Garfield*.
- 1882...75...*Thermes Trismegistus*—Dies, March 24.

SELECTIONS FROM LONGFELLOW.

EVANGELINE.

[The story of *Evangeline* is founded on a painful incident of the early period of British colonization in North America. In 1713, Acadia (now Nova Scotia) was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and with great difficulty they were induced to take the oath of allegiance to the British Government. A few years later the Acadians were accused of helping the French against the British in Canada. In consequence of that, the British Government ordered them to be removed from their native land and to be dispersed throughout the other colonies.

The verse is hexameter; that is to say, each line consists of six feet. Each foot consists of two syllables (*a x*) or of three syllables (*a x x*), but the last two feet must always be *a x x* | *a x* |, corresponding with the classical dactyl (—) and spondee (—). The first line may be scanned thus:—

Pleasantly	rose next	morn the	sun on the	village of	Grand-Pré.
<i>a x x</i>	<i>a x</i>	<i>a x</i>	<i>a x x</i>	<i>a x x</i>	<i>a x</i>

1. *Evangeline* is the daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer in Grand-Pré. Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith, is her lover. They have grown up together as brother and sister; they have learned their letters from the same book, and have sung their hymns from the same page. In the midst of their rejoicings over their betrothal, British ships arrive at the mouth of the Gaspereau river, and the simple peasants are puzzled to know their errand.

2. On the day of the betrothal feast, the mission of the ships is declared:—

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré;
 Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air of the Basin of Minas,
 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning
 Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring
 hamlets,
 Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the green-
sward, 10

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups at the
house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it. 21

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of
waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-
white

Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle, 31
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the
churchyard, 40

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the
headstones

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and, marching proudly among
them,

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangour¹

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal²

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission :

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.³ 50
Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his
kindness,⁴

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous :

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this
province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !

Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,⁵ 60

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-
roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations⁶

1 Dissonant clangour, harsh-sounding
noise.

2 Ponderous portal, heavy door.

3 His Majesty, George the Third.

4 How you have answered his kind-
ness, refers to the suspicion that the

Acadians had assisted the French against
the British in Canada.

5 Sultry solstice of summer. A good ex-
ample of alliteration, or head-rhyme. The
summer solstice is the hottest time of the
year in the northern hemisphere.

6 Fierce imprecations, angry oaths.

Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of the
others 70

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he
shouted :—

“Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them
allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our
harvests !”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar. 80
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng, and thus he spake to his people ;
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes :¹
“What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized
you ?

Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations ?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ? 89
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?
Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘O Father, forgive
them !’

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now and say, ‘O Father, forgive them !’”
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak ;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, “O Father, forgive them !”

¹ After the tocsin's alarum, distinctly
the clock strikes. The lively chime of the
alarum, which strikes every quarter of an

hour, is followed by the measured beat of
the bell striking the hour.

3. On the fifth day thereafter the people carry all their goods down to the beach, and begin to embark, boats plying all day between the shore and the ships. At night they kindle fires of drift-wood on the beach, and gather around them in mournful groups. Suddenly a great light appears to the southward, and they know that the village of Grand-Pré has been given to the flames, and that they will never again see their homes. Overwhelmed with the sight, old Benedict, Evangeline's father, falls from his seat dead.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden 100
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near
her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people : 110
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-
side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean, 120
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying land-
ward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

4. The Acadians are landed far asunder on different coasts; scattered like snow-flakes in the wind. Evangeline and Gabriel are separated, and she wanders from valley to valley, and from town to town, seeking tidings of her lover. Friends chide her for her hopeless search, and advise her to take another mate; but she replies that she can give her hand only where her heart is. At last Evangeline and Father Felician happen to come to the farm of Basil the blacksmith, now Basil the herdsman:—

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and mis-
givings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed, 130
Broke the silence and said: "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the
bayous!?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—
"Gone! is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child! it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit 140
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against
him.

150

1 Bayou, the outlet of a lake; a channel.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

5. They spend the night happily at Basil's farm-house. Next morning Evangeline and Basil start on their search for Gabriel. They journey for many days without finding any traces of him. At length, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes, they learn that only on the previous day he had left the village and had gone to the prairies.

6. Thither Basil and the maiden follow him, led by Indian guides, even to the base of the Ozark Mountains. They learn that on the westward slope of the mountains there is a Jesuit mission, and they go there. The priest tells them that Gabriel had rested there only six days before, that he had gone northward to hunt, and would return in the autumn. Evangeline resolves to wait for him at the mission, but Basil goes home with his Indian guides.

7. The autumn passed; then the winter; then the opening spring blossomed; but Gabriel came not. The breath of summer brought a rumour that he had his hunting-lodge in the Michigan forests, by the banks of the Saginaw river. Evangeline went thither, only to find the lodge deserted and in ruins.

8. Years passed, and Evangeline continued her quest. Her beauty faded and her hair turned to gray. At length she saw that the search was hopeless, and she settled in Philadelphia, finding among the children of Penn a home and a country. There she worked many years as a Sister of Mercy, going wherever distress and want, disease and sorrow, called for aid.

9. Then a pestilence fell on the city, and Evangeline was one of the most active in tending the sick and the dying.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church ;
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ; 160
Something within her said,—“ At length thy trials are ended ;”
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow, and in silence,
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed ; for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler, 170
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time :
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from
her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man. 180
Long, and thin, and gray, were the locks that shaded his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the form of its earlier manhood :
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever ;
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death¹ might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying he lay ; and his spirit exhausted,

1 The Angel of Death, etc. A reference to Exodus xii. 13.

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
 Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking. 190
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,¹
 Heard he that cry of pain ; and through the hush that succeeded
 Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
 "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away in the silence.
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
 Green Acadian meadows, with silvan rivers among them ;
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their
 shadow,
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
 Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside. 200
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
 Died on his lips, but their motion revealed what his tongue would
 have spoken.
 Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
 Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now—the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow ;
 All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing ;
 All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
 And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom, 210
 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

HIAWATHA'S BIRCH-CANOE.

[This is from *Hiawatha*, Longfellow's "Indian Edda;" so called because it is modelled on the Scandinavian Eddas in form and spirit, while its subject deals with the customs and traditions of the Indians of North America. It also introduces with quaint effect many words from their language. The verse is trochaic (*a x*), the same as that of *The Psalm of Life*, only it has no rhyme.]

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
 Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
 Growing by the rushing river,

1 Multiplied reverberations, manifold echoes.

Tall and stately in the valley !
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily !

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper ;
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper.”

10

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves¹ were singing ;
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, “Behold me !”

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !”

20

With his knife the tree he girdled ;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward :
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder ;
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stript it from the trunk unbroken.

30

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me !”

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,

¹ Moon of Leaves, the leafy month—June.

Went a murmur of resistance ;
 But it whispered, bending downward,
 "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !" 40

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
 Shaped them straightway to a framework ;
 Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
 Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !¹
 Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !
 My canoe to bind together,
 So to bind the ends together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me !" 50

And the Larch with all its fibres
 Shivered in the air of morning,
 Touched his forehead with its tassels,
 Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
 "Take them all, O Hiawatha !"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
 Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree ;
 Closely sewed the bark together,
 Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm,² O Fir-Tree ! 60
 Of your balsam and your resin,
 So to close the seams together,
 That the water way not enter,
 That the river may not wet me !"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
 Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
 Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
 Answered wailing, answered weeping,
 "Take my balm, O Hiawatha !"

1 Tamarack, Indian name for the larch.

2 Balm, the same word as *balsam* in next line, only *balm* has come through the French *baume*, and *balsam* direct from

the Latin *balsamum*. It is the name of the resinous, oily substance that oozes from the fir-tree.

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

70

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh,¹ the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

80

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries:
Into his canoe he wrought them,—
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

90

Thus the Birch-Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

100

¹ Kagh, Indian name for the hedgehog.

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

1. It was the schooner *Hesperus*
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.
2. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.
3. The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw¹ did blow,
The smoke now west, now south.
4. Then up and spake an old sailör,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,²
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.
5. "Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.
6. Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.
7. Down came the storm, and smote amain³
The vessel in its strength ;

¹ Veering flaw, shifting wind.

² The Spanish Main, the South Atlantic Ocean ; so called because traversed by

(844)

Spanish ships, and bounded by Spanish possessions.

³ Amain, with main or force.

She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

8. "Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

10. "O father ! I hear the church-bells ring ;
Oh, say, what may it be ?"—
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"
And he steered for the open sea.

11. "O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;
Oh, say, what may it be ?"—
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

12. "O father ! I see a gleaming light ;
Oh, say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

13. Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

14. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;

And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

15. And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

16. And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

17. The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

18. She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

19. Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;¹
Like a vessel of glass she stove² and sank,—
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

20. At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

21. The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;

1 Went by the board, fell overboard. | 2 Stove, broke up: the present is *stave*.

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

22. Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !
-

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

[From *Birds of Passage* (second series). The verse is partly iambic (x a) and partly anapestic (x x a).]

1. Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour
2. I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.
3. From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.
4. A whisper, and then a silence ;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise
5. A sudden rush from the stairway !
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

6. They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape, they surround me—
They seem to be everywhere.
7. They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen ¹
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.
8. Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,²
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache ³ as I am
Is not a match for you all ?
9. I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.
10. And there I will keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day !
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

¹ The Bishop of Bingen, etc. Bishop Hatto was devoured by mice (or rats) in his castle, as a punishment for his cruelty to the poor of his diocese during a famine. He invited them to his barn on pretence of

giving them corn ; but when it was full he locked the door and set fire to the building.

² Banditti, Italian for robbers.

³ Moustache, a soldier.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BORN 1819—DIED 1900.

1. John Ruskin is the greatest of art-critics. No one has ever written with greater eloquence and power about pictures and artists, about painting and architecture, and about the beauty and the grandeur of Nature, which the artist seeks to reproduce.

2. He was born on February 8, 1819, in London, where his father (a native of Perth) was a wealthy wine-merchant. John was the only child of his parents, and he was much petted and coddled all through his youth. He himself confesses that his training was at once "too formal and too luxurious."

3. His father used to make an annual journey in summer over the greater part of England, Wales, and Southern Scotland, for business purposes, in a post-chaise and pair. From the time that John Ruskin was five years of age his father used to take him, as well as his mother, along with him on these excursions. By this means the boy became early familiar with many cities and towns, with different kinds of scenery and different aspects of Nature, as well as with most of the noble mansions of England.

4. He also travelled abroad at an unusually early age. He remembers visiting Brussels and Waterloo in his fifth year. While he was yet a boy, he travelled in France, Switzerland, and Italy,—saw the Rhine and the Alps and the Lake of Como and Milan Cathedral,—of



John Ruskin

all which he brought back with him distinct and memorable impressions.

5. His earliest teachers, after he had passed the stage of nursery tales, were, according to his own account, Walter Scott and Homer—the latter in Pope's translation of the "Iliad"—varied, however, on Sundays with the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." These were his own choice. For task work, his mother required him to read through the Bible once a year, and to learn long chapters of it by heart. To that task, irksome enough, he ascribes "my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

6. He began to write stories and verses in his seventh year, and he made some progress with an elaborate poem, *On the Universe*, at nine. His early education was carried on by his mother, and by private tutors.

At no time did he care much for the ancient classics and he has described all his efforts in that direction as "sapless." He did not go to school till he was fourteen, when he attended the private academy of the Rev. Mr. Dale as a day scholar. There his girlish manners exposed him to a great deal of banter; but he was sustained by "the fountain of pure conceit" in his heart.

7. His early fondness for drawing was encouraged by his father, who was one of Turner's most devoted admirers. After practising drawing and shading with the pen, Ruskin was placed under a regular drawing-master in his twelfth year. A few years afterwards he received lessons in water-colour painting from Copley Fielding, and later still from J. D. Harding.

8. On his thirteenth birthday, young Ruskin received from his father's partner a copy of "Rogers's Italy," with Turner's illustrations, and he was enchanted with the pictures. The incident, he says, "determined the main tenor of my life;" that is to say, it made him a firm believer in Turner and in Turner's art, the principles of which he spent a great part of his life in explaining and enforcing.

9. The first piece of Ruskin's writing that appeared in print was a story about Naples, in the volume of "Friendship's Offering," issued at the close of 1836, when he was seventeen. In the same year he wrote a reply to an attack on Turner in "Blackwood's Magazine;" but it was never printed. The manuscript was sent to Turner for his approval; but Turner preferred silence, and sent the paper to the owner of one of the pictures which it defended. Thus, "the first chapter of 'Modern Painters'" never saw the light.

10. In the beginning of 1837, Ruskin went to Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. His mother

took lodgings in the town, in order to be near her son, and remained there through all the three years of his residence. At the university Ruskin felt himself rather out of place, from the isolated character of his previous education. There, as at school, he was at first quizzed and laughed at; but he tells us again that he was fortified against ridicule by his conceit.

11. The same year is memorable in Ruskin's career for two other events. His father bought Turner's "Richmond;" and he contributed to "Loudon's Architectural Magazine" an article on *The Poetry of Architecture*—Ruskin's first published writing on art.

12. Ruskin did not distinguish himself greatly in the classical studies for which Oxford is famous. He, however, gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry in 1839. In poetry he made Byron his model. The two English authors whose influence on himself Ruskin expressly acknowledges are Byron and Johnson. Byron, he says, was his master in verse, as Turner was in colour.

13. In 1840 he reached his majority. On his birthday his father presented him with Turner's "Winchelsea," and informed him that stock had been transferred to his name which would yield him an income of £200 a-year. One of the first purchases he made with his money was that of Turner's "Harlech," for which he paid seventy guineas. That was also his last year at Oxford. He was nervous about his final examination and worked very hard, with the result that he brought on a sharp attack of lung-disease, which compelled him to put off his graduation till 1842. In the interval he made the personal acquaintance of Turner.

14. The remainder of Ruskin's life is little more than a record of his numerous books. Of his greatest work, *Modern Painters*, the first volume was published in

1843—the year after he took his degree. The author's name was not given, but he was described as “A Graduate of Oxford.” The book made a great impression on account of its deep thought, its eloquence, and its pure English; and when the second volume appeared in 1846, Ruskin's reputation was made.

15. In the interval between the issue of the second and that of the third volume, Ruskin wrote two other great works—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *The Stones of Venice*. The third and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters* appeared in 1856, and the fifth, completing the work, in 1860. Of his other works, the most important are *The Political Economy of Art*, *Sesame and Lilies*, and *Lectures on Art*. In a serial work, entitled *Fors Clavigera*, Mr. Ruskin preached to the times on men and things. He has told the story of his early life and education in another serial work entitled *Præterita* (the Past).

16. In 1867, Mr. Ruskin was elected Rede Lecturer at Cambridge; and on the occasion of his lecture he received the degree of LL.D. He was elected Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford in 1872, and was re-elected in 1876. In the former year, the University of Oxford accepted from him a gift of £5,000, to found a teachership of drawing.

17. Ruskin is by no means a simple writer like Macaulay, nor a powerful writer like Carlyle, nor an exact writer like De Quincey, nor a beautiful and quiet writer like Helps. Yet his writing is both beautiful and powerful. As an interpreter of the secrets of Nature, he is almost unrivalled. But he is diffuse and luxuriant. His sentences are involved and very long, and the word-pictures which form his greatest charm are often florid and luscious with excess of ornament.

18. Nevertheless, Mr. Ruskin's teaching has produced distinct effects on English art. It has led to the cultivation of a more earnest spirit, in the younger race of artists especially. Some of these formed a society or school, called the Pre-Raphaelite, the leading principle of which was that the artist should study Nature for himself, and not through the eyes of other men.

SUMMARY OF RUSKIN'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year. Age.

- 1819.....Born at London, February 8.
 1824... 5...Begins to travel with his father (England, Scotland, etc.).
 1826... 7...Writes stories and verses.
 1828... 9...Writes a poem *On the Universe*.
 1831...12...Learns drawing with a master.
 1832...13...Present of "Rogers's Italy" with Turner's illustrations.
 1833...14...Goes to Mr. Dale's School, near Herne Hill.
 1836...17...Story printed in "Friendship's Offering"—Writes reply to article in "Blackwood."
 1837...18...Goes to Christ Church, Oxford—His father buys Turner's "Richmond"—He contributes article on *The Poetry of Architecture* to "Loudon's Architectural Magazine."
 1839...20...Gains the Newdigate prize for English poetry—His father buys Turner's "Gosport."
 1840...21...His father gives him Turner's "Winchelsea," and £200 a-year—He buys Turner's "Harlech"—Serious illness—Meets Turner.
 1842...23...Takes his degree.
 1843...24...*Modern Painters*, vol. i.
 1846...27...*Modern Painters*, vol. ii.
 1849...30...*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*.
 1851...32...*The Stones of Venice*.
 1856...37...*Modern Painters*, vols. iii. and iv.
 1858...39...*The Political Economy of Art*.
 1860...41...*Modern Painters*, vol. v.
 1865...46...*Sesame and Lilies*: two Lectures.
 1866...47...*Lectures on Civilization*.
 1867...48...Elected Rede Lecturer at Cambridge; and made LL.D.
 1870...51...*Lectures on Art*.
 1871...52...*Fors Clavigera* (finished 1880).
 1872...53...Elected Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford (re-elected 1876)—
 Gift of £5,000 to Oxford, to found teachership of drawing.
 1886...67...*Præterita* (the Past) autobiographical.
 1891...72...*Poems*.—1900...Age 81...Died.

SELECTIONS FROM RUSKIN.

A SCENE IN THE ALPS.

[This is from *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*—from that division of it called “The Lamp of Memory.” The lesson it seeks to teach is that Architecture, by embodying history in stone, helps us to remember the past.]

1. Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked with more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed, now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura.¹ It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness, of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills;² the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far-reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far-off stormy sea.

2. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forests; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers rend their rude and changeful ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines

¹ The Jura, a chain of mountains between France and Switzerland.

² Piny hills, hills covered with pine woods.

there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth.

3. It was spring-time, too ; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love ; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone,¹ star after star, closing every now and then into nebulae ;² and there was the oxalis,³ troop by troop, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine ; and ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places ; and in the more open ground, the vetch and comfrey, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss.

4. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine : the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs ; and on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by gray cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above ; but with a fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew.

5. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty ; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their

1 *Anemone*, the wind-blown flower (from Greek *anemos*, the wind), a species of crow-foot.

2 *Nebula*, clouds.

3 *Oxalis*, wood-sorrel.

light,¹ the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux² and the four-square keep of Granson.

6. It is as the centralization and protectress of this sacred influence, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! How many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world: there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality: it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life.

7. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles:³ and the day

1 The flowers in an instant lost their light. The meaning is that the charm of the scene was due not to the natural elements in it, but to association with human heroism and endurance. This association is preserved by architecture, which should therefore be regarded with the most serious thought.

2 Joux, the Fort or Château de Joux, a strong fortress in the east of France

(Department Doubs), on a precipice commanding the route to Neuchâtel. In this fortress political prisoners were confined, including Fouquet and Mirabeau.

3 Pericles, a famous Athenian statesman of the fifth century B.C. He adorned Athens with the Parthenon and other great public buildings. Under his direction Phidias, the greatest of Greek sculptors, executed the sculptures of the Parthenon.

is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians. And if indeed there be any profit in our knowledge of the past, or any joy in the thought of being remembered hereafter, which can give strength to present exertion, or patience to present endurance, there are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate: the first, to render the architecture of the day historical; and the second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritances, that of past ages.

MOUNTAIN MISTS.

[The following passage, from *Modern Painters*, is intended to show how painters of the modern and conventional school have utterly failed to grasp the grandest aspects of mountain scenery. The change of aspect on the mountains at daybreak is beautifully described—described in a way that shows great power of observation as well as wealth of language. § 1 describes the daybreak; § 2, the morning; § 3, the day; § 4, the evening; § 5, the night; § 6, the approach of dawn again.]

1. Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at day-break, when the night-mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis,¹ between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the

¹ Atlantis, a fabled island, beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Strait of Gibraltar), which, on account of the wickedness of its inhabitants, was swallowed up by the ocean in a day and a night.

dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain. Has Claude¹ given this?

2. Wait a little longer and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent² with the morning light upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Has Claude given this?

3. Wait yet a little longer and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapours, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. Has Claude given this?

4. And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened

¹ Claude, Claude Lorraine, a great landscape painter of the seventeenth century. His name was Claude Gellée, and he was born in Lorraine (then a French province) in 1600. He died at Rome in 1682. His pictures are noted for beauty and softness. He is here taken as a type of the conventional or commonplace painter. When Ruskin asks, "Has

Claude given this?" he means to say that the painters of Claude's school failed to see or to paint such scenes as Ruskin describes. Yet it is said that Claude used to spend whole days in the fields and on the mountains, watching the effects of sky and air.

² Iridescent, coloured with the hues of the rainbow.

wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapour swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapour, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. Has Claude given this?

5. And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them and the earth to reel under them. Ask Claude, or his brethren, for that.

6. And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches¹ cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven

snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this his message unto men!

THE SKY.

[The structure of this passage should be carefully observed:—§ 1 states the general truth that man gives little heed to the sky, though it constantly ministers to his pleasure. § 2 shows that the other works of Nature serve practical or material purposes chiefly; whereas the sky, though it has its material uses, is mainly ornamental. § 3 shows that while the noblest scenes of earth are for the few, the sky is for all. § 4 returns to the starting-point—yet, in spite of all this, we do not attend to the sky. § 5: even when we turn to the sky, as a last resource, it is only to observe that it has been wet, or windy, or warm; not to remark on its grandeur and its beauty. § 6: it is only the gross and extraordinary manifestations that arrest us—but God is in the still small voice. § 7 expands the last idea, showing that it is by the quiet, the deep, the calm, that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught.]

1. It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly,

black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene,¹ picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

3. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few ; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them : he injures them by his presence ; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all ; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food ;" it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart ; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful ; never the same for two moments together ; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal² is essential.

4. And yet we never attend to it ; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations ; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and

1 Scene after scene—that is, in the ever-changing aspect of the sky.

2 Its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal. The sky ministers chastisement to what is mortal in us—punishes us in a material sense—when it sends a flood on the earth which

destroys property and perhaps also life. The sky blesses us in a material sense when it sends on the earth fertilizing rain and genial sunshine. These are essential services ; but Ruskin means to say that its appeal to what is immortal in us is quite as distinct.

the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

5. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves?

6. All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary;¹ and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning.

7. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once;—it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

¹ What is gross or what is extraordinary—for example, a hurricane or a storm.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BORN 1812—DIED 1870.

1. Few men have drawn from their fellow-creatures more laughter and more tears than Charles Dickens, the author of the *Pickwick Papers*, of *David Copperfield*, and of *Oliver Twist*. Probably the tears would not have flowed less freely if it had been known that many of the incidents that provoked them, though in fiction, were really fact. Some of the saddest scenes in Dickens's pages were copied from his own early life.

2. Charles Dickens was born at Landport, in Portsea, on February 7th, 1812. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the pay-office of the Royal Navy, and was changed from one dockyard to another. He was stationed at Portsmouth when his son Charles was born; and he afterwards spent five years at Chatham. These years—from the fourth to the ninth of his age—were the happiest in Dickens's boyhood. Among the green lanes and the fragrant woods of Kent he learned to love the country scenes by which he was surrounded, a love which he retained through life. Then, also, "the foundations of his mind" were laid, in a small library belonging to his father, and containing such books as "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Robinson Crusoe," all of which he devoured greedily, and many times over, and some of which he imitated in little nursery stories of his own.

3. On the settlement of the family in London in



Charles Dickens

1821 Dickens's early trials began. His father had long been troubled with money difficulties; and now these came to a head, and John Dickens became an inmate of the Marshalsea Prison,¹ just like Micawber in *David Copperfield* and the old father in *Little Dorrit*. For some time afterwards the family suffered terrible hardships, which keenly affected Charles, who was a sickly and sensitive boy, and quite unable to play with other children of the same age.

4. When he was ten years old—his father still in prison, and his mother's furniture being gradually sold to support the family—he was placed as drudge in a blacking warehouse in the city, with a wage of six

¹ Marshalsea Prison, a prison for the confinement of debtors in that part of London called the Borough. Dickens visited the site in 1856 (April-May), while *Little*

Dorrit was coming out, to see if he could find traces of the old place. He found a part of the original building turned into Marshalsea Place.

shillings a week. The agony he endured in that place—the wretched work, the low companionship, and the grinding slavery—burned into his soul a sense of wrong and neglect which he never forgot. This misery lasted nearly two years.

5. Then a distant relative died and left John Dickens a legacy, which enabled him to quit the Marshalsea. Charles continued, however, to attend the blacking warehouse, till a violent quarrel arose between his father and a member of the firm, and the boy's services were mercifully dispensed with.

6. Dickens spent the next two years at "a classical and commercial academy" in Hampstead Road. He did not there add largely to his stock of knowledge, and he made himself famous chiefly out of class, in connection with story-telling and theatricals. After leaving school, he spent eighteen months as office-lad to an attorney in Gray's Inn.

7. John Dickens having become a parliamentary reporter on the staff of "The Morning Herald," Charles was seized with a desire to follow the same calling. He very soon made himself master of shorthand, and having served for two years as law reporter in an office in Doctors' Commons, he entered the "gallery"¹ as representative of "The True Sun" in 1831, at the age of nineteen.

8. In the connection thus formed with journalism, and through journalism with literature, Charles Dickens had now found his true work in life. When he was on the threshold of the career in which he became famous, he was very nearly flying off in another direction. He had made up his mind to go on the stage, and had actually arranged to perform before the manager of Covent Garden Theatre with a view to an engagement. When

1 The gallery, the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons.

the day came, he was laid up with a severe cold, and wrote postponing his application till the next season. Before next season came he had made his mark in the "gallery," and had been wooed and won by literature.

9. His first published piece of original writing appeared in "The Old Monthly Magazine" for December 1833. He himself has described how, one evening at twilight, he stealthily and with fear and trembling dropped the paper into a dark letter-box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet Street, and with what agitation he bought and opened the next number of the magazine, and actually saw himself in print. "On which occasion," he adds, "I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

10. The paper was the first of those delightful *Sketches by Boz* which were soon afterwards continued in the columns of "The Evening Chronicle," and were by-and-by collected in two volumes. Not long after the appearance of the first of the *Sketches*, Dickens joined the staff of "The Morning Chronicle," and very quickly came to be recognized as the most expert and accurate reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons.

11. The *Sketches by Boz*¹ attracted a great deal of notice, and led to a proposal from a firm of publishers which resulted in the famous *Pickwick Papers*. The adventures and misadventures of a party of Cockney sportsmen formed the original idea of the book, which was intended to be a vehicle for plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour, a well-known humorous artist. Traces of the original idea are found in the book, especially in

1 "Boz" was a childish corruption of the youngest brother, when his head was full name Moses, applied by Dickens to his of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

the adventures of Mr. Winkle; but as the work went on its scope widened—the scenes and characters became of the first importance, and the illustrations took a secondary place. One cause of this was the death of Mr. Seymour between the issue of the first and that of the second number. His place was taken by Mr. Hablot K. Browne¹ ("Phiz"), whose name is associated with the masterpieces of Dickens's genius.

12. The success of the *Pickwick Papers* was immediate and great. Every one followed with the deepest interest and amusement the fortunes of the kindly old bachelor, his three friends, and his attached servant, the inimitable Sam Weller—a compound of Cockney slang and cool impudence with rich humour and the tenderest fidelity. Dickens was at once recognized as a master of fiction, and as the possessor of a fund of pure, innocent, and sparkling humour.

13. *Pickwick* was followed in quick succession by *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge*, works which revealed new powers in the writer, especially a wonderful command of pathos. Probably no creation in the wide range of modern fiction ever took such a hold on the heart of a whole nation as Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

14. *Oliver Twist* was published in "Bentley's Magazine," of which Dickens was editor from 1837 till March 1839. During these early years Dickens worked very hard. But he rejoiced in his work and in his growing fame, and his writing went on with great zest. The one thing that distressed him occasionally was the fact that his fame increased much faster than he had expected. He had disposed of his works for much less than their actual value, and he used to complain that

¹ Hablot K. Browne, a celebrated caricaturist (1815–1882).

every one connected with their production was being enriched by them except himself. This, however, applied only to his earliest works. He took care to correct the mistake before long.

15. A visit to America in 1842 supplied material for two new works—*American Notes for General Circulation*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a novel—in both of which he dealt very severely with certain peculiar features of Transatlantic life and character. Both books were very unpopular in America, and brought on their author a great amount of ill-will. Nevertheless, the Americans continued to read and to enjoy his books, and he gradually recovered their favour by the sheer force of his genius. That was clearly shown on the occasion of his second visit to the States, in 1868.

16. After a visit to Italy, extending over a year, Dickens returned to London to edit a new morning paper ("The Daily News"), to which he contributed sketches entitled *Pictures from Italy*. He found the work of editor exceedingly irksome, and gave it up in less than four months.

17. He then returned to his favourite field of fiction, and that in the form of monthly parts, which had been so successful in the case of *Pickwick*. *Dombey and Son*, the tale of a purse-proud merchant whose every thought is centred in business; *David Copperfield*, the story of the early struggles of a literary man; and *Bleak House*, founded on the miseries of a suit in Chancery, followed one another in brilliant succession, to the delight of hundreds or thousands of readers. In *David Copperfield* the author revealed many of the incidents of his own early life. Perhaps on that account it was his favourite child among the offspring of his genius, and it is certainly the finest of his later novels.

18. On the conclusion of that work (in 1850), Dickens started a weekly periodical, entitled "Household Words," with the view of securing the co-operation of other writers, and thus of relieving his own pen. To it he contributed *A Child's History of England*, giving a simple and picturesque view of the national growth and fortunes; and *Hard Times*, a tale of a strike. His next novel was *Little Dorrit* (1855-57), depicting the touching devotion of a young girl to her selfish father, who is a prisoner for debt.

19. In 1859 he gave up "Household Words," and started in its place "All the Year Round," of which he was sole proprietor. In it he published *A Tale of Two Cities* (London and Paris), filled with the horrors of the French Revolution; and *Great Expectations*, a story of a young man who is enriched by a convict who has made a fortune as a sheep-farmer in Australia.

20. Before this (namely in 1858) Dickens had begun those public readings from his own works which added so much to his fortune, if not also to his fame. In his fondness for these entertainments we may see a return of that love of the stage which he had shown in his youth. He felt that he had power in acting, and to indulge it gave him pleasure. The readings were wonderfully successful, both in British and in American cities. Dickens's latest novels were *Our Mutual Friend*, and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, the latter of which was unfinished at his death.

21. Dickens's charming series of Christmas stories began with *A Christmas Carol* in 1843. It was followed by *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain*. In later years the annual story took the form of a Christmas number of "All the Year Round," of

which Dickens was only in part the author. Some of these enjoyed wonderful popularity—for example, *Somebody's Luggage* and *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*.

22. In 1856, Dickens purchased the house of Gads Hill near Rochester, which he had often admired as a child thirty-five years previously. There he spent very happily and busily the closing years of his life; and there he died suddenly, while sitting at his desk, on June 9, 1870. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

23. The chief aim of Dickens in all his books was to reveal what is true and good and lovable in human nature, even in its most ungainly and its meanest forms. He wrote in the easy, natural, genial style of a man of the world. He did not affect the laboured elegance of the scholar, or give much heed to the niceties of grammar and style. In his serious mood, and especially in his earlier works, he sometimes fell into "the sin of grandiloquence or tall-talking."¹ In one sense he was a master of words: he had a remarkable facility in stamping the impression of a character by means of a graphic phrase. As a rule, however, he thought much less of literary workmanship than of the description of character, and of the social wrongs against which he waged war.

24. Dickens's humour, though often overstrained and carried to the verge of caricature, has the crowning merit of being harmless and pure. Contrasting him in this respect with the humorists of the previous century, Thackeray said: "I think of these past writers, and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet, unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children."

1 See the extract from Thackeray, page 183.

SUMMARY OF DICKENS'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year. Age.

- 1812.....Born at Landport, Portsea, Feb. 7th.
- 1814... 2...Family removed to London.
- 1822...10...His father imprisoned in the Marshalsea for debt—His mother opened a school in Gower Street—Charles placed in a blacking warehouse.
- 1824...12...At school (till 1826).
- 1827...15...Clerk in a lawyer's office—Learns shorthand (also in 1828).
- 1831...19...Parliamentary reporter on "The True Sun."
- 1833...21...First of *Sketches by Boz* appears in "Old Monthly Magazine" (December).
- 1834...22...Reporter on "Morning Chronicle."
- 1835...23...*Sketches by Boz* transferred to "Evening Chronicle."
- 1836...24...Collected edition of *Sketches by Boz*—Marries Catherine Hogarth—Begins serial publication of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*; finished, 1837—Editor of "Bentley's Miscellany."
- 1837...25...Publishes *Oliver Twist* in "Bentley"—Publishes *Nicholas Nickleby* in monthly parts.
- 1840...28...Begins weekly issue of "Master Humphrey's Clock," containing *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*.
- 1842...30...Visit to America.
- 1843...31...*American Notes for General Circulation*; *Martin Chuzzlewit*; *The Christmas Carol*.
- 1844...32...*The Chimes*.
- 1845...33...*The Cricket on the Hearth*—Visits Italy (till 1846).
- 1846...34...Becomes editor of "Daily News;" publishes there *Pictures from Italy—The Battle of Life*—Begins the monthly issue of *Domby and Son*.
- 1848...36...Begins the issue of *David Copperfield*—Publishes *The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain*.
- 1850...38...Starts "Household Words," weekly.
- 1852...40...Begins *Bleak House* (1853).
- 1853...41...Begins *Hard Times* in "Household Words" (1854).
- 1855...43...Begins *Little Dorrit* (1857).
- 1856...44...Removes to Gads Hill Place, near Rochester.
- 1858...46...Begins public readings from his works—He and his wife separate.
- 1859...47...Discontinues "Household Words"—Begins "All the Year Round;" writes in it *A Tale of Two Cities*.
- 1860...48...Begins *Great Expectations* in his magazine (1861).
- 1864...52...Begins *Our Mutual Friend* (1865).
- 1867...55...Second visit to America; readings.
- 1870...58...Begins *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (unfinished)—Last public reading in March—Dies suddenly, June 9th—Buried in Westminster Abbey

SELECTIONS FROM DICKENS.

A SHIPWRECK AT YARMOUTH.

[This scene is from *David Copperfield*, which is generally regarded as Dickens's greatest work. In it he introduced much of his own life and experience. It is the story of a young author struggling up to fame, and contains a wealth of pathos and humour. Of this book Dickens says: "Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child. And his name is David Copperfield."

Copperfield goes from London to Yarmouth by coach, in a terrible storm of wind and rain, and puts up at the old inn. The object of his journey is to see Ham Peggotty, and get from him a message of peace to his cousin Emily Peggotty. Ham was Emily's accepted lover; but she was dazzled with the gay manners of Steerforth, and ran away with him. The following passage describes the wreck of Steerforth's ship. He is the man whom Ham attempts to save, not knowing that he is his enemy. Both are drowned.]

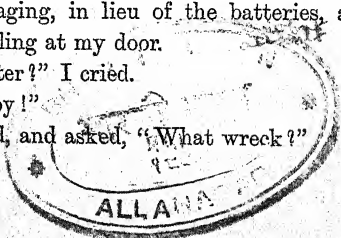
1. There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

2. The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries, and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked, "What wreck?"



"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase, and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

3. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

4. In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

5. One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging: and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on,¹ turned

1 Broadside on, presenting her broadside to the wind and the waves.

towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure¹ with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

6. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships;² and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

7. There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang, and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

8. They were making out to me in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely

¹ One active figure. This was Steer-

² Parting amidships, breaking in the middle.

manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperatè as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

9. I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand.

10. Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly-desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If't ain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you and bless all! Mates, make me ready. I'm a-going off."

11. I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another

round his body ; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

12. The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not unlike a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour ; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

13. Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water—rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood ; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

14. And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone !

15. Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead! He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried.¹ But he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

16. As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me,—

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

17. But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind, among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him² lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

THE PICKWICK CLUB ON THE ICE.

[The *Pickwick Papers* record the adventures of the Pickwick Club, the members of which travel about England under the guardianship of Mr. Samuel Pickwick, the chairman of the club. Pickwick is the chief character in the book. He is described as a simple-minded, benevolent old gentleman, who

¹ Were tried, should be "was tried." | to be followed by a singular verb.
² Him—that is, Steerforth, Copperfield's
 and the word it qualifies therefore ought | old schoolfellow.

wore spectacles, breeches, and short black gaiters. Sam Weller, boots at the White Hart, and afterwards servant to Mr. Pickwick, is one of the most humorous characters ever introduced into a novel. Shrewd, cunning, wide-awake, he is a source of never-failing amusement.

This is one of the most humorous of the many humorous scenes in Pickwick. The humour at some points becomes almost too broad; the comedy is in danger of becoming a farce. It may be noted, also, that in this, his first great work, Dickens did not avoid the fault to which young writers are prone—that of using stilted and grandiloquent language. Any one who takes the trouble to count the number of long words—of words of three, four, and five syllables—in this extract, will be surprised by their number.]

1. "You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant; and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

2. "I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

3. Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Sam Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions,¹ which they called a reel.

¹ Mystic evolutions, movements difficult to understand or to follow.

4. All this time, Mr. Winkle with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a ginlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

5. "Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

6. This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration¹ Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd² there's an orkard gen'lm'n on 'em, sir," replied Sam.

7. "Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come, the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a-going to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

8. "Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

¹ Demonstration, display.

² I'm afeerd, etc., I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman on them.

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

9. "Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

10. "Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir!"

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus¹ to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

11. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice making spasmodic² efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament³ of his countenance.

12. "Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

¹ Impetus, force of motion

² Spasmodic, violent; fitful

³ Lineament, feature.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Mr. Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

13. Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

14. Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone these remarkable words:—

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it: an impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

15. While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having, by their joint endeavours, cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner.

16. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy-sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide,

and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

17. "It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable¹ manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so on the gutters when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick," cried all the ladies.

18. "I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings.² "Here; I'll keep you company; come along." And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

19. Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked³ himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

20. "Keep the pot a-bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

21. It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe

¹ Indefatigable, unwearied.

² With the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings—an example

of the stilted language referred to in the head note.

³ Balked, checked.

the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony: to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up: to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide with his face towards the point from which he had started: to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles.

22. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

23. The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

24. Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance: the males turned pale and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe,¹ ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

1 Catastrophe, accident.

25. It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally,¹ as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and the spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

26. "Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do: let me implore you—for my sake," roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom, there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

27. The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

28. "Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella; "let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

¹ The advisability of bleeding the | humour carried almost to the length of accompanying generally — an example of | surdity.

29. A dozen shawls were offered on the instant, and three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off under the guidance of Mr. Weller ; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

EVIDENCE OF SAM WELLER.

[In the trial, *Bardell v. Pickwick*, Mrs. Bardell sues Mr. Pickwick for breach of promise of marriage. Sam Weller, Pickwick's servant, is called as a witness.]

1. *Judge*. Call Samuel Weller.—What's your name, sir?

Samuel. Sam Weller, my lord.

Judge. Do you spell it with a "v" or a "w"?

Sam. That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord ; I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a "v."

Voice. Quite right too, Samivel, quite right ;—put it down a "we," my lord, put it down a "we."

Judge. Who is that that dares to address the court ?—Usher!

Usher. Yes, my lord.

Judge. Bring that person here instantly !

Usher. Yes, my lord.

Judge to Sam. Do you know who that was, sir?

Sam. I rayther suspect it wur my father, my lord.

Judge. Do you see him here now?

Sam. No, I don't, my lord (looking straight up into the gas).

Judge. If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

2. *Counsellor Buzfuz*. Now, Mr. Weller.

Sam. Now, sir (*bowing*).

Buz. I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant¹ in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

Sam. I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service of that 'ere gen'l'man, and a very good service it is.

Buz. Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose.

Sam. O quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said, ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

Judge. You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said; it is not evidence.

Sam. Wery good, my lord.

3. *Buz.* Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant? Eh! Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I do, sir.

Buz. Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

Sam. I had a reg'lar new fit-out o' clothes that 'ere morning, gen'l'men o' the jury, and that wur a wery partic'lar and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

Judge. You had better be careful, sir.

Sam. So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord; and I wur wery careful o' that 'ere suit of clothes, wery careful indeed, my lord.

4. *Buz.* Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller—eh—do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

Sam. Certainly not. I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

Buz. Now attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I have a pair of *eyes*, and that's just it. If they wur a pair of patent double-million magnifyin' gas-microscopes o'

¹ The defendant, the person sued, who called the *plaintiff*, or person who *com-*
has to defend himself. The accuser is *plaints*.

hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see thro' a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only *eyes*, you see, my wision's limited.

5. *Buz.* Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

Sam. If you please, sir.

Buz. Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house in November last?

Sam. O yes, wery well.

Buz. Oh, you *do* remember *that*, Mr. Weller; well, I thought we should bring you to something at last.

Sam. I rayther thought that too, sir.

Buz. Well, I suppose you went up to have a talk about the trial—eh, Mr. Weller?

Sam. I went up to pay the rent, but we *did* get a-talking about the trial.

Buz. Oh! you did get a-talking about the trial. Now what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?

6. *Sam.* With all the pleasure in life, sir. After a few unimportant obseruations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg, them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now.

Buz. The attorneys¹ for the plaintiff,—well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

Sam. Yes; they said wot a wery gen'rous thing it wur o' them to have taken up the case on spec',² and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out o' Mr. Pickwick.

Buz. to Judge. You are quite right, my lord. It is perfectly useless attempting to get any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking any more questions.—Stand down, sir (*to Sam*).

Sam. Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anything?

1 Attorneys, solicitors or agents.

2 On spec'—that is, as a speculation.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BORN 1811—DIED 1863.

1. Thackeray divided with Dickens the honour of being called "first novelist of the day." Each had his crowds of admirers. Each strove with the other in a fair and generous rivalry in which there was no taint of petty jealousy. Each acknowledged how justly the applause of the nation, as well as more substantial rewards, had fallen to the lot of his brother-artist.

2. William Makepeace Thackeray was born in 1811, at Calcutta. His father, Richmond Thackeray, was descended from a good old Yorkshire family, and held office in the Civil Service of the East India Company. His mother, Anne Beecher, was the daughter of another Indian civil servant. She was left a widow in 1816, when her son and only child was five years old; and then, or very soon afterwards, the boy was sent to England.

3. We have in his own words a glimpse of the voyage:—"Our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over rocks and hills till we passed a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That is Bonaparte,' said the black; 'he eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay his hands on.'" One can imagine how the little fingers would tighten around the dark hand that held them as



W. M. Thackeray.

the pair hurried back to the ship, and with what looks of terror the little white face would glance back to the trees amid which the ogre lived !

4. The boy was sent early to the famous Charterhouse School. He was popular with his schoolfellows, though he had no skill in games, and no taste for them. He earned fame, not as a scholar, but as a writer of witty satirical verses. When he was eighteen he went to Cambridge, and was entered at Trinity College. At the university he was known, not as a brilliant classic or as a close student, but as a contributor of witty trifles to such periodicals as "The Snob" and "The Gownsmen."

5. After spending about one year at Cambridge, he left the university (of course without a degree) and went to Weimar and Paris, where he studied art and became

the friend of artists, his purpose at that time being to become an artist himself in a pleasant, easy, and trifling fashion. He never became great as an artist; probably he never could have done so; but his studies in France and Germany prepared him, without his knowing it, for that other kind of painting—with pen and ink—to which his life was afterwards devoted.

6. When he came of age, in 1832, he inherited a fortune which yielded him £500 a-year; but in a year or two it was all gone. Some of it was lost in an Indian bank that failed; some of it was lost at cards; but the greater part of it went in an effort to start a newspaper. Then it became necessary for him to work for a living. It was at this time, too, that he and Dickens first met. "I can remember," Thackeray said, "when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works, in covers which were coloured light green, and came out once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnivall's Inn with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable!"

7. He then turned to literature, as promising a quicker and surer harvest. He began his literary career in the pages of "Fraser's Magazine," where his sketches and stories generally bore the signature of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh." Among his most successful contributions were *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*, and papers on Paris, afterwards collected in *The Paris Sketch-Book*. He also wrote for "The New Monthly Magazine," and occasionally for "The Times" newspaper.

8. In 1837 he married Isabella, daughter of Colonel

Matthew Shawe. He derived little happiness from his married life. After a few years, his wife's mind failed, and it was necessary for her to live apart from her family. He had, however, great comfort and joy in his daughters, the eldest of whom (Anne, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie) is a novelist of repute.

9. About the year 1840 Thackeray began to write for "Punch," and his connection with it continued till 1853, when he withdrew from the staff in consequence of the attacks on the Emperor of the French which appeared in the paper. His connection with "Punch" brought him into close friendship with Douglas Jerrold,¹ Gilbert A'Becket,² John Leech,³ and other wits of the time. The most famous of his contributions to "Punch" were *The Snob Papers*, *Jeames's Diary*, and *The Bal-lads of Policeman X*. *Jeames's Diary* was the history of a London flunky who was raised to sudden wealth by speculating in railway shares, and who imitated the manners and customs of high life, all unconscious of the grotesqueness of the effect. *The Snob Papers* contain the very essence of Thackeray's philosophy, which had for its object to expose the hollowness, the hypocrisy, and the meanness of what is called "society."

10. His first novel, *Vanity Fair*, is a more elaborate sermon preached from the same text. It shows us meanness, wickedness, and folly combined with wealth and outward respectability. The different parts which the head and the heart play in life are shown in the contrasted characters of Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley. The former represents intellect without virtue, the latter virtue without intellect. It must be admitted that the

¹ Douglas Jerrold, dramatist and novelist; one of the earliest editors of "Punch." (1803-1857.)

² Gilbert A'Becket, comic writer; one (344)

of the founders of "Punch." (1811-1856.)

³ John Leech, humorous artist; contributor to "Punch" for many years. (1817-1864.)

clever adventuress is highly entertaining, while the lovable simpleton is rather insipid.

11. The publication of *Vanity Fair* began in 1846, and was completed in 1848. As the monthly numbers followed each other, the interest in the book grew and extended, and so also did the fame of the writer. Before it was completed Thackeray had become one of the great writers of the day. In the opinion of many persons *Vanity Fair* is the greatest novel that this century has produced.

12. *Vanity Fair* was followed by *The History of Arthur Pendennis*, in 1849-50; and that by *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*, the most highly finished of all his novels, in 1852; *The Newcomes*, in 1855; and *The Virginians*, a continuation of *Esmond*, in 1857.

13. When Thackeray had established his fame by the publication of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, he resolved to turn it to account profitably by appearing as a public lecturer. He chose as his subject *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. Six brilliant and witty lectures dealing with Pope,¹ Swift,² Addison,³ Steele,⁴ Hogarth,⁵ Goldsmith,⁶ and other stars of the time of Queen Anne and the early Georges, attracted large and fashionable audiences to Willis's Rooms, London, where they were first delivered. They were afterwards given in the chief cities of Great Britain and in the United States before being published in a volume. The large profit derived from these lectures induced Thackeray

¹ Pope, Alexander, poet; author of "Essay on Man." (1688-1744.)

² Swift, Jonathan, Dean of St. Patrick's, essayist; author of "Gulliver's Travels." (1667-1744.)

³ Addison, Joseph, essayist; chief writer in "The Spectator." (1672-1719.)

⁴ Steele, Richard, essayist. Wrote in

"The Tatler" and "The Spectator." (1676-1729.)

⁵ Hogarth, William, painter, satirist, and humorist. (1697-1764.)

⁶ Goldsmith, Oliver, poet, novelist, and essayist; author of "The Vicar of Wakefield." (1728-1774.) See the previous volume of GREAT AUTHORS.

to undertake a second series in 1856. The subject of that series was *The Four Georges*—that is, the four kings so named of the House of Hanover. The lectures were delivered first in America and afterwards at home, and they proved even more successful than the former ones.

14. In 1857 Thackeray tried to enter Parliament as member for Oxford, but was beaten. His friends did not much regret his defeat. He never could have been so great a figure in politics as he had become in literature; and in literature there was still good work to be done by him. That was immediately proved by the publication of *The Virginians*, which began in November 1857, and extended over the next two years.

15. Before *The Virginians* was finished the "Cornhill Magazine" was set afloat, with Thackeray as its captain (Jan. 1860); and it achieved a success such as no magazine had ever experienced before. Thackeray's own contributions to it were two novels—*Lovel the Widower* and *The Adventures of Philip*—his lectures on *The Four Georges*, and a series of chatty, genial, but often sarcastic *Roundabout Papers*. He continued to edit the "Cornhill" for a little over two years, and retired in March 1862.

16. Thackeray died suddenly on Christmas eve 1863, in the fifty-third year of his age. At the time of his death he was engaged on a new novel, *Denis Duval*, of which four portions appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" for 1864.

17. Thackeray was by no means industrious or methodical. He wrote when he felt inclined, and he took life easily on the whole. Considering his nature in these respects, the amount of splendid work he did in his short life is quite remarkable. The explanation

of that may be found in the fact that he seldom put pressure on himself—he never wrote “under compulsion.” His writing, being spontaneous,¹ flowed freely and in a copious stream.

18. His language is fresh, direct, and idiomatic English, coloured with a tinge of *slang*, which, however, never descended to vulgarity. He talks to his readers out of his pleasant pages with a playful, genial artlessness, which sometimes changes suddenly to a shower of sharp satiric strokes. His greatest power lies in portraying human nature as it is. He paints men and women with all their faults and foibles, as well as their modest virtues. He has been called a cynic, a preacher of vanities, and heartless. He certainly uttered many unpleasant truths in his time, and cast down many cherished idols; and the man who performs these tasks is seldom a favourite. The fact remains that in his own nature and in private life Thackeray was one of the simplest, tenderest, and most generous of men.

19. Thackeray illustrated most of his novels with his own pencil. His pictures, though very far from faultless as works of art, show the same tendency to teach by apparent fun-making, the same delicate irony and sparkling banter, and the same dislike of things formal, as pervade the text of his stories.

20. Thackeray and Dickens have often been compared—or rather contrasted; for no two men in the same calling ever differed more strongly from each other. Yet there were in their outward careers certain points of similarity. They both published their novels in monthly parts; both were journalists; both became public lecturers or readers both in Europe and in America; and both became editors of popular maga-

¹ Spontaneous, of one's free will; voluntary.

zines. There, however, the similarities end. In their aims and their methods they were entirely different. Dickens began by working out a plot, and afterwards fitted his characters and incidents into it. With Thackeray the plot was of little importance. The interest of his novels centres in the realizing and working out of certain types of character, all of which are drawn with firmness and force and keen insight into human nature. Mr. Trollope tells us that Thackeray began *Vanity Fair* with a fixed purpose "that as the central character with Dickens had always been made beautiful with unnatural virtue,.....so should his centre of interest be in every respect abnormally bad."¹ Dickens depicted life in London among the middle and the lowest classes; Thackeray took as his field the upper classes and the West End. Dickens's aim was to show how much good there might be in human nature in its lowest forms; Thackeray's was to show that there was much evil in its highest specimens.

SUMMARY OF THACKERAY'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year.	Age.	
1811.....		Born July 18, at Calcutta — Father, Richmond Thackeray; mother, Anne Beecher.
1816... 5...		His father dies—He is brought home from India.
1822...11...		Is sent to Charter-house School.
1829...18...		Goes to Trinity College, Cambridge—Writes in "The Snob" and "The Gownsmen."
1830...19...		Leaves Cambridge, goes to Paris and Weimar.
1832...21...		Inherits a fortune yielding £500 a-year.
1833...22...		Writes in "The National Standard and Journal of Literature, etc."—Loses most of his fortune in that paper and "The Constitutional."
1835...24...		Offer to illustrate Dickens's <i>Pickwick</i> declined — Writes for "Fraser's Magazine."
1837...26...		Marries Isabella Shawe—Writes for "The New Monthly"—Begins <i>The Yellowplush Correspondence</i> in "Fraser" (1838).

¹ Abnormally bad, bad beyond the rule, or the usual degree.

Year. Age.

- 1839...28...Resides in Paris.
- 1840...29...Publishes *The Paris Sketch-Book*, 2 vols.—Writes article on *George Cruickshank* in "Westminster Review;" and *A Shabby Genteel Story* in "Fraser."
- 1841...30...*Comic Tales and Sketches*, 2 vols.—*The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond* in "Fraser."
- 1843...32...*The Irish Sketch-Book*, 2 vols.
- 1844...33...Writes regularly for "Punch."
- 1845...34...*Jeames's Diary* in "Punch."
- 1846...35...*The Snobs of England* in "Punch"—*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*.
- 1847...36...Begins *Vanity Fair* in monthly numbers (1848).
- 1848...37...*Bow Street Ballads*, by Policeman X, in "Punch"—Begins *The History of Arthur Pendennis* in numbers (1850)—*The Book of Snobs*.
- 1849...38...He has a severe fever—His wife loses her reason, and is separated from her family.
- 1851...40...Lectures on *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* in England and Scotland.
- 1852...41...Lectures in the United States—*Esmond: A Story of Queen Anne's Reign*, 3 vols.
- 1853...42...Publishes *The English Humorists*—Begins *The Newcomes* in numbers (1855)—Withdraws from "Punch."
- 1854...43...Article on *John Leech* in "Quarterly Review."
- 1856...45...Lectures on *The Four Georges* in America, afterwards at home.
- 1857...46...Stands for Oxford, and is defeated—Begins *The Virginians* in numbers (1859).
- 1860...49...Edits the "Cornhill Magazine"—Writes in it *Lovel the Widower*, and begins *Roundabout Papers*.
- 1861...50...Publishes *The Four Georges* in "Cornhill;" also begins there *The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World* (1862).
- 1863...52...Writes last *Roundabout Paper* (November)—Begins *Denis Dural*; writes only four parts (published in "Cornhill" 1864)—Dies suddenly, December 24th.

SELECTIONS FROM THACKERAY.

VISIT TO THE GIANTS CAUSEWAY.

[The extract is from *The Irish Sketch-Book*, published in two volumes in 1843. It is admirable for the graceful ease of its style, for the humour which mingles with its serious descriptions, and for the graphic power with which the scenes are realized.]

1. The traveller no sooner issues from the inn by a back door, which he is informed will lead him straight to the Causeway, than the guides pounce upon him, with a dozen rough boatmen who are likewise lying in wait; and a crew of shrill beggar-boys, with boxes of spars, ready to tear him and each other to pieces seemingly, yell and bawl incessantly round him. "I'm the guide Miss Henry recommends," shouts one.—"I'm Mr. Macdonald's guide," pushes in another.—"This way," roars a third, and drags his prey down a precipice, the rest of them clambering and quarrelling after.

2. I had no friends: I was perfectly helpless. I wanted to walk down to the shore by myself, but they would not let me, and I had nothing for it but to yield myself into the hands of the guide who had seized me, who hurried me down the steep to a little wild bay, flanked on each side by rugged cliffs and rocks, against which the waters came tumbling, frothing, and roaring furiously. Upon some of these black rocks two or three boats were lying; four men seized a boat, pushed it shouting into the water, and ravished me into it. We had slid between two rocks where the channel came gurgling in; we were up one swelling wave that came in a huge advancing body ten feet above us, and were plunging madly down another (the descent causes a sensation in the lower regions of the stomach which it is not at all necessary here to describe), before I had leisure to ask myself why I was in that boat, with four rowers hurrooing and bounding madly from one huge liquid mountain to another—four rowers whom I was bound to pay. I say, the

query came qualmishly¹ across me why I was there, and why not walking calmly on the shore.

3. The guide began pouring his professional jargon into my ears. "Every one of them bays," says he, "has a name (take my place, and the spray won't come over you): that is Port Noffer; and the next, Port na Gange. Them rocks is the Stookawns (for every rock has its name as well as every bay); and yonder—give way, my boys; hurray, we're over it now; has it wet you much, sir?—that's the little cave; it goes five hundred feet under ground, and the boats goes into it easy of a calm day."

4. "Is it a fine day or a rough one now?" said I; the internal disturbance going on with more severity than ever.—"It's betwixt and between—or, I may say, neither one nor the other. Sit up, sir. Look at the entrance of the cave. Don't be afraid, sir: never has an accident happened in any one of these boats, and the most delicate ladies has rode in them on rougher days than this. Now, boys, pull to the big cave. That, sir, is six hundred and sixty yards in length, though some say it goes for miles inland, where the people sleeping in their houses hear the waters roaring under them."

5. The water was tossing and tumbling into the mouth of the little cave. I looked (for the guide would not let me alone till I did), and saw what might be expected: a black hole of some forty feet high, into which it was no more possible to see than into a millstone. "For heaven's sake, sir," says I, "if you've no particular wish to see the mouth of the big cave, put about and let us see the Causeway, and get ashore." This was done, the guide meanwhile telling some story of a ship of the Spanish Armada having fired her guns at two peaks of rock, then visible, which the crew mistook for chimney-pots—what benighted fools these Spanish Armadilloes must have been: it is easier to see a rock than a chimney-pot; it is easy to know that chimney-

¹ Qualmishly, in a sickly manner. The word is well chosen.

pots do not grow on rocks.—“But where, if you please, is the Causeway?”

6. “That’s the Causeway before you,” says the guide.—“Which?”—“That pier which you see jutting out into the bay, right ahead.”—“Good heavens! and have I travelled a hundred and fifty miles to see *that*?” I declare, upon my conscience, the barge moored at Hungerford Market¹ is a more majestic object, and seems to occupy as much space. As for telling a man that the Causeway is merely a part of the sight; that he is there for the purpose of examining the surrounding scenery; that if he looks to the westward he will see Portrush and Donegal Head before him; that the cliffs immediately in his front are green in some places, black in others, interspersed with blotches of brown and streaks of verdure;—what is all this to a lonely individual lying sick in a boat, between two immense waves that only give him momentary glimpses of the land in question, to show that it is frightfully near, and yet you are an hour from it?

7. They won’t let you go away—that guide *will* tell out his stock of legends and stories. The boatmen insist upon your looking at boxes of “specimens,” which you must buy of them; they laugh as you grow paler and paler; they offer you more and more “specimens;” even the dirty lad who pulls number three, and is not allowed by his comrades to speak, puts in *his* oar, and hands you over a piece of Irish diamond (it looks like half-sucked alicompayne), and scorns you. “Hurra, lads, now for it: give way!” How the oars do hurtle in the rowlocks as the boat goes up an aqueous mountain, and then down into one of those maritime valleys where there is no rest as on shore!

8. At last, after they had pulled me enough about, and sold me all the boxes of “specimens,” I was permitted to land at the spot whence we set out, and whence, though we had been

¹ Barge moored, etc. Barges used to be moored in the Thames to serve as piers for the river steam-boats. One of these was at Hungerford Market. In their place there are now floating-piers that rise and fall with the tide.

rowing for an hour, we had never been above five hundred yards distant.....

9. It looks like the beginning of the world somehow: the sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills—as those vast dubious monsters were formed who possessed the earth before man. The hill-tops are shattered into a thousand cragged fantastical shapes. The water comes swelling into scores of little strange creeks, or goes off with a leap, roaring into those mysterious caves yonder, which penetrate who knows how far into our common world. The savage rock-sides are painted of a hundred colours. Does the sun ever shine here? When the world was moulded and fashioned out of formless chaos, this must have been the *bit over*—a remnant of chaos! Think of that!—it is a tailor's simile. Well, I am a Cockney: I wish I were in Pall Mall!.....

10. This is not a description of the Giant's Causeway (as some clever critic will remark), but of a Londoner there, who is by no means so interesting an object as the natural curiosity in question. That single hint is sufficient: I have not a word more to say. "If," says he, "you cannot describe the scene lying before us—if you cannot state from your personal observation that the number of basaltic pillars composing the Causeway has been computed at about forty thousand, which vary in diameter, their surface presenting the appearance of a tessellated pavement of polygonal stones; that each pillar is formed of several distinct joints, the convex end of the one being accurately fitted in the concave of the next, and the length of the joints varying from five feet to four inches; that although the pillars are polygonal, there is but one of three sides in the whole forty thousand (think of that!), but three of nine sides, and that it may be safely computed that ninety-nine out of one hundred pillars have either five, six, or seven sides;—if you cannot state something useful, you had much better, sir, retire and get your dinner."

11. Never was summons more gladly obeyed. The dinner must be ready by this time ; so, remain you, and look on at the awful scene, and copy it down in words if you can. If, at the end of the trial, you are dissatisfied with your skill as a painter, and find that the biggest of your words cannot render the hues and vastness of that tremendous swelling sea ; of those lean, solitary crags standing rigid along the shore, where they have been watching the ocean ever since it was made ; of those gray towers of Dunluce standing upon a leaden rock, and looking as if some old, old princess, of old, old fairy times, were dragon-guarded within ; of yon flat stretches of sand where the Scotch and Irish mermaids hold conference ;—come away too, and prate no more about the scene !

A LUCKY SHOT.

[The following is from *The Legend of the Rhine*, first published in "George Cruickshank's Table Book," in 1845. It is intended as a burlesque of the pompous style and wild exaggerations of popular legends and romances.

Count Otto is the son of the Margrave of Godesberg. On a groundless suspicion, his father had ordered him to be sent for life to the Convent of St. Buffo, at Cologne. He was put in a boat along with a company of his father's men-at-arms, and the boat was rowed toward Cologne.]

1. The boat containing the amazed young Count—for he knew not the cause of his father's anger, and hence rebelled against the unjust sentence which the Margrave had uttered—had not rowed many miles, when the gallant boy rallied from his temporary surprise and despondency, and determined not to be a slave in any convent of any order : determined to make a desperate effort for escape. At a moment when the men were pulling hard against the tide, and Kuno, the coxswain, was looking carefully to steer the barge between some dangerous rocks and quicksands, which are frequently met with in the majestic though dangerous river, Otto gave a sudden spring from the boat, and with one single flounce was in the boiling, frothing, swirling eddy of the stream.

2. Fancy the agony of the crew at the disappearance of their young lord ! All loved him ; all would have given their lives for him ; but as they did not know how to swim, of course they declined to make any useless plunges in search of him, and stood on their oars in mute wonder and grief. *Once*, his fair head and golden ringlets were seen to arise from the water ; *twice*, puffing and panting, it appeared for an instant again ; *thrice*, it rose but for one single moment : it was the last chance, and it sunk, sunk, sunk. Knowing the reception they would meet with from their liege lord, the men naturally did not go home to Godesberg, but putting in at the first creek on the opposite bank, fled into the Duke of Nassau's territory ; where, as they have little to do with our tale, we will leave them.

3. But they little knew how expert a swimmer was young Otto. He had disappeared, it is true ; but why ? because he *had dived* ! He calculated that his conductors would consider him drowned, and the desire of liberty lending him wings (or we had rather say *fins*, in this instance), the gallant boy swam on beneath the water, never lifting his head for a single moment between Godesberg and Cologne (the distance being twenty-five or thirty miles) !

4. Escaping from observation, he landed on the Deutz side of the river, repaired to a comfortable and quiet hostel there, saying he had had an accident from a boat, and thus accounting for the moisture of his habiliments ; and while these were drying before a fire in his chamber, went snugly to bed, where he mused, not without amaze, on the strange events of the day.

5. "This morning," thought he, "a noble, and heir to a princely estate ; this evening an outcast, with but a few bank-notes which my mamma luckily gave me on my birthday. What a strange entry into life is this for a young man of my family ! Well, I have courage and resolution : my first attempt in life has been a gallant and successful one ; other dangers will be conquered by similar bravery." And recommending himself, his unhappy mother, and his mistaken father to the care of their

patron saint (Saint Buffo), the gallant-hearted boy fell presently into such a sleep as only the young, the healthy, the innocent, and the extremely fatigued can enjoy.

6. The fatigues of the day (and very few men but would be fatigued after swimming well-nigh thirty miles under water) caused young Otto to sleep so profoundly that he did not remark how, after Friday's sunset, as a natural consequence, Saturday's Phœbus illumined the world, ay, and sunk at his appointed hour. The serving-maidens of the hostel, peeping in, marked him sleeping, and blessing him for a pretty youth, tripped lightly from the chamber; the boots tried haply twice or thrice to call him (as boots will fain), but the lovely boy, giving another snore, turned on his side, and was quite unconscious of the interruption. In a word, the youth slept for six-and-thirty hours at an elongation;¹ and the Sunday sun was shining, and the bells of the hundred churches of Cologne were clinking and tolling in pious festivity, and the burghers and burgheresses of the town were trooping to vespers² and morning service when Otto awoke.

7. As he donned his clothes of the richest Genoa velvet, the astonished boy could not at first account for his difficulty in putting them on. "Marry," said he, "these breeches that my blessed mother" (tears filled his fine eyes as he thought of her)—"that my blessed mother had made long on purpose, are now ten inches too short for me. Whir-r-r! my coat cracks i' the back, as in vain I try to buckle it round me; and the sleeves reach no further than my elbows! What is this mystery? Am I grown fat and tall in a single night? Ah! ah! ah! ah! I have it."

8. The young and good-humoured Childe³ laughed merrily. He bethought him of the reason of his mistake: his garments had shrunk from being five-and-twenty miles under water.

9. But one remedy presented itself to his mind; and that,

1 At an elongation, on end; in mimicry of the pompous language of the romancers.

2 Vespers, evening prayers. *Matins* are

morning prayers.

3 Childe, the title of the eldest son of a noble.

we need not say, was to purchase new ones. Inquiring the way to the most genteel ready-made-clothes establishment in the city of Cologne, and finding it was kept in the Minoriten Strasse, by an ancestor of the celebrated Moses of London, the noble Childe hied him towards the emporium ; but you may be sure did not neglect to perform his religious duties by the way. Entering the cathedral, he made straight for the shrine of Saint Buffo, and hiding himself behind a pillar there, he proceeded with his devotions, as was the practice of the young nobles of the age.

10. But though exceedingly intent upon the service, yet his eye could not refrain from wandering a *little* round about him, and he remarked with surprise that the whole church was filled with archers ; and he remembered, too, that he had seen in the streets numerous other bands of men similarly attired in green. On asking at the cathedral porch the cause of this assemblage, one of the green ones said (in a jape), "Marry, youngster, *you* must be *green*, not to know that we are all bound to the castle of his grace Duke Adolf of Cleves, who gives an archery meeting once a year, and prizes for which we toxophilites muster strong."

11. Otto, whose course hitherto had been undetermined, now immediately settled what to do. He straightway repaired to the ready-made emporium of Herr Moses, and bidding that gentleman furnish him with an archer's complete dress, Moses speedily selected a suit from his vast stock, which fitted the youth to a *t*, and we need not say was sold at an exceedingly moderate price. So attired (and bidding Herr Moses a cordial farewell), young Otto was a gorgeous, a noble, a soul-inspiring boy to gaze on. A coat and breeches of the most brilliant pea-green, ornamented with a profusion of brass buttons, and fitting him with exquisite tightness, showed off a figure unrivalled for slim symmetry.

12. His feet were covered with peaked buskins of buff leather, and a belt round his slender waist, of the same material, held

his knife, his tobacco pipe and pouch, and his long shining dirk (which, though the adventurous youth had as yet only employed it to fashion wicket-bails, or to cut bread-and-cheese, he was now quite ready to use against the enemy). His personal attractions were enhanced by a neat white hat, flung carelessly and fearlessly on one side of his open smiling countenance; and his lovely hair, curling in ten thousand yellow ringlets, fell over his shoulder like golden epaulettes, and down his back as far as the waist-buttons of his coat.

13. So accoutred, the youth's next thought was that he must supply himself with a bow. This he speedily purchased at the most fashionable bowyer's, and of the best material and make. It was of ivory, trimmed with pink ribbon, and the cord of silk. An elegant quiver, beautifully painted and embroidered, was slung across his back, with a dozen of the finest arrows, tipped with steel of Damascus, formed of the branches of the famous upas-tree of Java, and feathered with the wings of the ortolan.

14. These purchases being completed (together with that of a knapsack, dressing-case, change, etc.), our young adventurer asked where was the hostel at which the archers were wont to assemble; and being informed that it was at the sign of the "Golden Stag," hied him to that house of entertainment, where, by calling for quantities of liquor and beer, he speedily made the acquaintance and acquired the goodwill of a company of his future comrades, who happened to be sitting in the coffee-room.

15. After they had eaten and drunken for all, Otto said, addressing them, "When go ye forth, gentles? I am a stranger here, bound as you to the archery meeting of Duke Adolf. An ye will admit a youth into your company 'twill gladden me upon my lonely way."

16. The archers replied, "You seem so young and jolly, and you spend your gold so very like a gentleman, that we'll receive you in our band with pleasure. Be ready, for we start at half-past two." At that hour accordingly the whole joyous company prepared to move, and Otto not a little increased his

popularity among them by stepping out and having a conference with the landlord, which caused the latter to come into the room where the archers were assembled previous to departure, and to say, "Gentlemen, the bill is settled!"—words never ungrateful to an archer yet; no, marry, nor to a man of any other calling that I wot of.

17. They marched joyously for several leagues, singing and joking, and telling of a thousand feats of love and chase and war. While thus engaged, some one remarked to Otto that he was not dressed in the regular uniform, having no feathers in his hat.

"I darèsay I will find a feather," said the lad smiling.

Then another gibed because his bow was new.

"See that you can use your old one as well, Master Wolfgang," said the undisturbed youth. His answers, his bearing, his generosity, his beauty, and his wit inspired all his new toxophilite friends with interest and curiosity, and they longed to see whether his skill with the bow corresponded with their secret sympathies for him.

18. An occasion for manifesting this skill did not fail to present itself soon, as indeed it seldom does to such a hero of romance as young Otto was. Fate seems to watch over such: events occur to them just in the nick of time; they rescue virgins just as ogres are on the point of devouring them; they manage to be present at court and interesting ceremonies, and to see the most interesting people at the most interesting moment; directly an adventure is necessary for them, that adventure occurs; and I, for my part, have often wondered with delight (and never could penetrate the mystery of the subject) at the way in which that humblest of romance heroes, Signor Clown, when he wants anything in the pantomime, straightway finds it to his hand.....

19. Depend upon it, there is something we do not wot of in that mysterious overcoming of circumstances by great individuals—that apt and wondrous conjuncture of *the Hour and the*

Man; and so, for my part, when I heard the above remark of one of the archers, that Otto had never a feather in his bonnet, I felt sure that a heron would spring up in the next sentence to supply him with an *aigrette*.

20. And such indeed was the fact: rising out of a morass by which the archers were passing, a gallant heron, arching his neck, swelling his crest, placing his legs behind him, and his beak and red eyes against the wind, rose slowly, and offered the fairest mark in the world.

"Shoot, Otto," said one of the archers. "You would not shoot just now at a crow, because it was a foul bird; nor at a hawk, because it was a noble bird; bring us down yon heron, it flies slowly."

But Otto was busy that moment tying his shoestring; and Rudolf, the third best of the archers, shot at the bird and missed it.

21. "Shoot, Otto," said Wolfgang, a youth who had taken a liking to the young archer; "the bird is getting further and further."

But Otto was busy that moment whittling a willow-twigg he had just cut. Max, the second best archer, shot and missed.

"Then," said Wolfgang, "I must try myself. A plague on you, young springald, you have lost a noble chance!"

Wolfgang prepared himself with all his care, and shot at the bird. "It is out of distance," said he; "and a murrain on the bird!"

22. Otto, who by this time had done whittling his willow-stick (having carved a capital caricature of Wolfgang upon it), flung the twig down, and said carelessly, "Out of distance! Pshaw! We have two minutes yet," and fell to asking riddles and cutting jokes; to the which none of the archers listened, as they were all engaged, their noses in air, watching the retreating bird.

"Where shall I hit him?" said Otto.

"Go to," said Rudolf, "thou canst see no limb of him—he is no bigger than a flea."

23. "Here goes for his right eye!" said Otto; and stepping forward in the English manner (which his godfather, having learnt in Palestine, had taught him), he brought his bowstring to his ear, took a good aim, allowing for the wind and calculating the parabola to a nicety. Whiz! his arrow went off.

He took up the willow-twigg again and began carving a head of Rudolf at the other end, chatting and laughing, and singing a ballad the while.

The archers, after standing a long time looking skywards with their noses in the air, at last brought them down from the perpendicular to the horizontal position, and said, "Pooh, this lad is a humbug! The arrow's lost; let's go."

24. "*Heads!*" cried Otto laughing. A speck was seen rapidly descending from the heavens: it grew to be as big as a crown-piece, then as a partridge, then as a tea-kettle, and flop! down fell a magnificent heron to the ground, flooring poor Max in its fall.

"Take the arrow out of his eye, Wolfgang," said Otto, without looking at the bird; "wipe it, and put it back into my quiver."

The arrow indeed was there, having penetrated right through the pupil.

25. "Are you in league with Der Freischütz?" said Rudolf, quite amazed.

Otto laughingly whistled the "Huntsman's Chorus," and said, "No, my friend. It was a lucky shot—only a lucky shot. I was taught shooting, look you, in the fashion of merry England, where the archers are archers indeed."

And so he cut off the heron's wing for a plume for his hat; and the archers walked on much amazed, and saying, "What a wonderful country that merry England must be!"

LORD TENNYSON.

BORN 1809—DIED 1892.

1. A Lincolnshire clergyman—the Rev. G. C. Tennyson, Rector of Somersby—had three sons, Frederick, Charles, and Alfred. All have written poetry; but the third was the greatest of the three, and became Poet-Laureate of England. Alfred Tennyson was born in his father's parsonage at Somersby, August 6, 1809. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche.

2. Tennyson's career as a poet may be said to have begun in 1829, when, as an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he gained the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem in English blank-verse, the subject being *Timbuctoo*. About the same time he joined his brother Charles in the publication of a small volume of verse, entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1830, a modest volume was published in London with the title, *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, by Alfred Tennyson, in which such pieces as *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, *Claribel*, and *The Ballad of Oriana*, showed that a minstrel of brilliant promise had begun to tune his lyre.

3. The volume was coldly received, but that did not prevent Tennyson from publishing a second volume in 1833, containing, besides revised versions of some former poems, many new ones. The critics saw in this volume a striking advance both in thought and in style. In such lines as these, from *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*,—



Tennyson

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood,"—

men saw poetry lending itself to the ennobling of the democratic tendencies of the age. Many who then read for the first time *The Lotus Eaters*, *The Miller's Daughter*, and *The Queen of the May*, felt that a new spring of poetic thought had burst forth to gladden the dreary paths of every-day life.

4. The second volume, however, was not received by the public with much more favour than the first, and the poet published no more books for nine years. But these were not idle years. In the course of them he wrote many poems that are now famous, including *Locks-*

ley Hall, Dora, and The Gardener's Daughter. Some of them—as *Morte d'Arthur* and *Sir Galahad*—showed that Tennyson's mind was already turning toward the chivalrous and feudal times of old England, which yielded in after years material for his greatest work—*The Idylls of the King*.

5. *Dora* is a simple story of rural domestic life, told in blank-verse, yet there is not felt to be anything discordant in the setting of the homely tale to the heroic measure of English poetry. The reason of that probably is that there is a tragic element in the story—the death of William, the farmer's son, followed in the end by the remorse of the hard and tyrannical father. The story thus opens:—

“ With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often looked at them,
And often thought, ‘I’ll make them man and wife.’
Now Dora felt her uncle’s will in all,
And yearned towards William ; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.”

6. To spite his father, William marries a labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison. He falls into poverty and dies, leaving a little son. Old Allan adopts the boy, but quarrels with Dora for taking Mary's part. The innocent ways of the child soften the old man's heart, and at last he is reconciled both to Dora and to Mary. The closing touch is fine:—

“ So those four abode
Within one house together ; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate ;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.”

7. In 1842 Tennyson's long silence was broken, and two volumes were given to the world, containing, besides the poems previously published, those mentioned above, and many others of remarkable beauty and sweetness. Then, too, their author won the victory for which he had waited so long and had worked so patiently. Tennyson was universally acknowledged to be the first poet of his time. The qualities by which these poems won their popularity were depth of feeling, purity of sentiment, brilliant fancy, and perfect sweetness of versification.

8. His next work was published in 1847. It was a fanciful poem of the epic class, written in blank-verse, and entitled *The Princess, a Medley*. It was a playful satire on the claim of women to enjoy the same kind of education as men, and to follow the same professions. The Princess Ida founds a university for women, and makes herself its head,—

“With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.”

But her belief in this mission yields to the gentle influences of love. As she moves about the sickroom of her wounded lover, she discovers that home duties are a fitter study for her sex than mathematics and chemistry. A delicate and charming playfulness runs through every page; and many of the lyrics scattered through the poem are exquisitely musical. But it completely failed to stay the movement which it was intended to ridicule. Since it was written, the higher education of women has made great progress. Women have been admitted to several of the universities and to the medical profession.

9. Here is an example of the lyrics in *The Princess*:—

"The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story ;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying--
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

10. *In Memoriam*—a tribute to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam,¹ the poet's bosom friend at college, who died at Vienna in 1833—was published in 1850, but the poems composing it (one hundred and thirty-one in number, with a prologue and an epilogue) had been written at intervals during the intervening years. The poems describe the various moods through which the sorrowing survivor passes—from despairing anguish to quiet and grave resignation. All are written in eight-syllabled verse, arranged in stanzas of four lines, with a change in the usual order of the rhymes.

11. Here are the first and last stanzas of a well-known lyric from this poem, in which the poet welcomes the New Year in a hopeful spirit, "forgetting the things that are behind," and looking forward to a brighter and truer future :—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

* * * *

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be."

1 Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of Henry Hallam, author of "The Constitutional History of England." He was aged twenty-two when he died. The father died in 1859.

This volume greatly increased Tennyson's fame. In depth of thought and strength of pathos the poem is one of the finest the century has produced, and in the opinion of many it is his best work.

12. When the office of Poet-Laureate became vacant by the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was in 1851 selected as his successor, and the fitness of the appointment was universally recognized. He has written many poems in his official capacity. The most famous of these are his *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (1852), the stirring *Charge of the Six Hundred* (1854), the *Welcome to Alexandra* (1863), and the *Dedication of the Idylls of the King* to the memory of the Prince Consort.

13. The *Wellington Ode*, which was published in the London newspapers on the morning of the Duke's funeral day—November 18th, 1852—opens with these striking lines:—

"Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall."

The poem contains other memorable lines, such as—

"Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."

Wellington is hailed as—

"The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute."

Nelson is described as—

"The greatest sailor since our world began."

14. The *Welcome to Alexandra*, Princess of Wales, on her marriage in March 1863, opens with a very apt historical reference:—

“Sea-Kings’ daughter from over the sea,

Alexandra !

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we ;

But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee.

Alexandra ! ”

15. Tennyson published *Maud and other Poems* in 1855. *Maud* was the least popular of his longer poems. It is a wild vision of love and war, and it has an ill-humoured and unhappy tone, which repels the ordinary reader; yet it is deemed by some good critics his strongest piece of work, and the lyrics scattered through it are superb. Four years later, the poet published *The Idylls of the King*, forming the first part of an epic, of which King Arthur is the hero, and which is undoubtedly his greatest work.

16. In four separate poems, he pictures for us *Enid* riding in her faded silk before her cruel lord ; the sweet and faithful *Elaine* gazing tenderly on the shield of her absent knight ; the crafty *Vivien* weaving her spells around the old wizard Merlin ; and *Guinevere*, the guilty queen, lying in an agony of remorse at the feet of Arthur, while the noble forgiveness of the injured king and his sad farewell pierce her to the heart. The fine polish and sweetly-varied music of the blank-verse in which the poems are written show Tennyson to be a master of that noblest form of English metre.

17. Another portion of the Arthurian epic was published in 1869, with the title of *The Holy Grail*; and three years later the Round Table series was completed by the publication of *The Last Tournament* and *Gareth and Lynette*.

18. In 1864 appeared *Enoch Arden*, a touching domestic poem resembling in its story "Auld Robin Gray,"¹ together with *Aylmer's Field*, and some minor poems, of which the chief were *Tithonus* and *The Northern Farmer*. Of the last-named poem there are two parts—"old style" and "new style." In both, the Lincolnshire dialect is used with excellent effect. The old farmer thus addresses his son:—

"Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee;
 Thou's been talkin' to muther, an' she beän a-tellin' it me.
 Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's
 lass—
 Noä—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we boäth on us thinks tha
 an ass."

19. After the completion of his great epic, Tennyson added many pearls to his laureate crown, and much of his latest work will rank with his best. There are few finer ballads in the language than *The Revenge*, a *Ballad of the Fleet*, describing how Sir Richard Grenville fought the whole Spanish fleet with one little ship—"the fight of the one and the fifty-three." Mention may also be made of *The Dead Prophet*, the noble *Lines to Virgil*, and a grim indictment of the moral inconsistencies of the age, entitled *Vastness*, published in 1885.

20. In his later years Tennyson turned his attention to dramatic poetry. His *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, and *Becket*, show skill in delineating character and great power over the emotions; but they are deficient in incident, and are, on the whole, better adapted for the study than for the stage.

21. The University of Oxford recognized Mr. Tenny-

¹ *Auld Robin Gray*, a ballad by Lady Anne Barnard. (1750-1825.) Its story is that of a sailor who is supposed to have

died at sea in the wreck of his ship, but who comes home to find his sweetheart married to an old man.

son's merit in 1855 by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Soon afterwards the Fellows of his own college—Trinity College, Cambridge—placed a bust of him in the vestibule of their library; and in 1869 they made him an Honorary Fellow of the college. In 1883 Mr. Tennyson was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Tennyson. He died at Aldworth House, Haselmere, Surrey, October 6, 1892.

SUMMARY OF TENNYSON'S LIFE AND WORKS.

- | Year. | Age. | |
|-------|----------|--|
| 1809 | | Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6. |
| 1827 | ...18... | Goes to Trinity College, Cambridge. |
| 1829 | ...20... | Gains the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem, <i>Timbuctoo</i> —Publication of <i>Poems by Two Brothers</i> . |
| 1830 | ...21... | <i>Poems, chiefly Lyrical</i> . |
| 1833 | ...24... | Second volume of <i>Poems</i> , containing <i>The Lotus Eaters</i> , <i>The Miller's Daughter</i> , <i>The Queen of the May</i> , etc. |
| 1842 | ...33... | <i>Poems</i> , in 2 vols., containing <i>Locksley Hall</i> , <i>Dora</i> , and <i>Morte d'Arthur</i> . |
| 1847 | ...38... | <i>The Princess</i> , a <i>Medley</i> . |
| 1850 | ...41... | <i>In Memoriam</i> —Death of Wordsworth. |
| 1851 | ...42... | Made Poet-Laureate. |
| 1852 | ...43... | <i>Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington</i> . |
| 1855 | ...46... | <i>Maud</i> , and <i>Other Poems</i> —D.C.L., Oxford. |
| 1859 | ...50... | <i>The Idylls of the King</i> . |
| 1864 | ...55... | <i>Enoch Arden</i> — <i>The Northern Farmer</i> , etc. |
| 1869 | ...60... | Publication of "Concordance to the Entire Works of Alfred Tennyson"— <i>The Holy Grail</i> —Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. |
| 1870 | ...61... | <i>The Window, or the Song of the Wrens</i> . |
| 1872 | ...63... | <i>Gareth and Lynette</i> , and <i>The Last Tournament</i> . |
| 1875 | ...66... | <i>Queen Mary</i> (drama), acted at the Lyceum Theatre in 1876. |
| 1876 | ...67... | <i>Harold</i> (drama). |
| 1879 | ...70... | <i>Becket</i> (drama)— <i>The Lover's Tale</i> — <i>The Revenge</i> , a <i>Ballad of the Fleet</i> — <i>The Cup</i> (drama). |
| 1883 | ...74... | Made Baron Tennyson—Collected Edition of <i>Poems</i> published. |
| 1885 | ...76... | <i>Vastness</i> — <i>Tiresias</i> . |
| 1886 | ...77... | <i>Locksley Hall: Sixty Years After</i> . |
| 1887 | ...78... | <i>Jubilee Ode</i> (to the Queen). |
| 1889 | ...80... | <i>Demeter</i> , and <i>other Poems</i> . |
| 1892 | ...83... | Died October 6. <i>The Death of Ænone</i> , published posthumously. |

ROBERT BROWNING.

BORN 1812—DIED 1889.

1. Tennyson and Browning have been compared and contrasted as often as Dickens and Thackeray. The two poets differ as much in their aims and their styles as the two novelists, but that does not prevent them from warmly appreciating each other's works. As to form, the chief features of Tennyson's poetry are beauty and sweetness; those of Browning's are ruggedness and strength. Tennyson's thought is profuse but clear; Browning's is condensed, and obscure to a fault.

2. Mr. Browning's was an uneventful life. He was born at Camberwell, Surrey, in 1812, and was educated at the University of London.

3. His first important work was *Paracelsus*, published in 1836. It is a deeply thoughtful poem, describing the strivings of a soul after hidden knowledge and power. The poem was praised by a few thoughtful readers, but most persons were puzzled and repelled by its obscurity and its jolting rhythm. Browning then turned to the drama as affording the best medium for the exhibition and working out of character. His tragedy of *Strafford* was produced in 1837, with Macready in the chief character, but it proved a failure.

4. The poet went to Italy in 1841, and resided there for several years. The study of Italian history, literature, and art, in which he there engaged, coloured all his later works. One of the first fruits of that study



Robert Browning

was the poem *Sordello*—the most difficult to understand of all his works. A critic once said of that poem: "I have read *Sordello*, and there are only two lines in the volume which are intelligible, the first and the last,—

'Who wills may hear Sordello's story told;'

'Who wills has heard Sordello's story told,'—

and these are not true!"

5. Next came *Pippa Passes*, a fantastic poem in dramatic form, which was received with more favour than any of his previous works. By some, indeed, it is considered his most perfect creation. *Pippa* is a factory girl who *passes* the chief persons in the drama at critical moments, and thus exercises an influence on their fates, of which she is not aware.

6. A new tragedy, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, was

brought out at Drury Lane in 1843. It is a beautiful story, powerfully worked out, and as put on the stage, it proved the most successful, as for that purpose it is certainly the best, of the author's dramas. Another that possesses great merit is *King Victor and King Charles*.

7. In 1846 Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, well known as the author of "*Aurora Leigh*" and "*The Cry of the Children*;" and they made Florence their home till the death of the latter in 1861.

8. The first work of Browning's that secured for him general recognition as a leading poet was *Men and Women*, published in 1855. His fame was further enhanced by his *Dramatic Lyrics*, his *Dramatic Romances*, and his *Dramatis Personæ*. Some of his ballads are full of spirit and fire, and are also free from those obscurities which repel readers from his greater poems. Such, for example, are *How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, and *Hervé Riel*.

9. In the *Pied Piper*—which is a true ballad, a song that tells a story—Browning's quaint fancies and uncouth rhymes are employed most successfully in the production of humorous effects. He uses such rhymes as "council" and "gown sell;" "Doom's tone" and "tombstone;" "pickle-tub boards" and "conserve-cupboards;" "silence" and "mile hence;" "by psaltery" and "dry-saltery;" "punchon" and "sun shone;" "Hamelin" and "camel in;" "from mice" and "promise."

10. The story is that the people of Hamelin suffered dreadfully from a plague of rats which they could by no means get rid of.

"They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,

And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats."

11. The Pied Piper offers to charm the rats away from the town with his pipe, if the Corporation will give him one thousand guilders. The Mayor would gladly give him fifty thousand to be rid of the nuisance. He begins to play, whereupon all the rats in the town rush out of their holes and follow him; and he leads them into the river Weser, where they are all drowned, to the great relief and joy of the Hamelin people. But when the Piper asks for his thousand guilders, the Mayor offers him fifty. The Piper declines this, adding that

"Folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

The Mayor is indignant, and abuses the Piper. He says,—

"You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

12. The Piper again puts his pipe to his lips. No sooner has he begun to play than

"Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

13. He then leads the children to a cavern which opens in a mountain-side as he approaches, and there they disappear—all but one, a cripple, who survived to

tell what the Piper had said to the children. The moral is: when we have made a promise, we ought to keep it, else the consequences may be serious.

14. Every one knows the cantering, galloping rhythm of *Good News from Ghent*—how one fancies one hears the clatter of the horse-hoofs on the hard ground—

“I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three:
‘Good speed!’ cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
‘Speed!’ echoed the wall to us galloping through:
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.”

15. *The Breton Sailor, Hervé Riel*, is a stirring ballad, full of life, action, and fire, but also rich in the display of character. It tells how, after the Battle of La Hogue,¹ the retreating French fleet was saved from falling into the hands of the English by the boldness of a simple Breton sailor. He steered the fleet into St. Malo Harbour, through a narrow channel which the pilots of the place declared to be impassable. The crisis of the story is thus described:—

“See the noble fellow’s face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound.”

The rest follow in a flock:—

“Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!

¹ The Battle of La Hogue was fought May 19, 1692, between the French fleet under Admiral Tourville and the English under Admiral Russell. The French were utterly routed, with the loss of 16 men-of-war. The victory prevented an invasion of England. In point of fact, the largest French ships took refuge at Cherbourg.

The peril, see, is past,—
 All are harboured to the last;
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor!'—sure as fate,
 Up the English come—too late!"¹

16. The most elaborate of all Browning's poems is *The Ring and the Book*, published in four volumes in 1868. It is the story of a Roman murder told in ten different soliloquies by the leading actors in the drama. The *Book* is the contemporary record of the murder, found by the poet on a book-stall in Florence; and the *Ring* is the circle of narrative and character-drawing with which the poet surrounds it. One of the chief aims of the poem is to show how difficult it is to prove matters of fact even from the evidence of eye-witnesses. It would be a serious undertaking to read twenty thousand lines of blank-verse in order to reach that truth, if the reader's interest were not sustained by the dramatic power of the successive presentations.

17. Browning's later works are *Balaustion's Adventure*, including a *Transcript from Euripides*; *Fifine at the Fair*; *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*; *Aristophanes' Apology*, or the *Last Adventure of Balaustion*; *The Inn Album*; and *La Saisiaz—the Two Poets of Croisic*. These, like Browning's other poems, are marked by masculine strength, keen insight into character, fondness for grotesque imagery and for rugged and ungainly verse, and marvellous power of condensed expression. In respect of the last quality, Browning goes nearer to Milton than any other English poet.

18. Browning's readers and admirers have greatly increased in recent years, and "Browning Clubs," for the study of the poet's works, have been formed in several

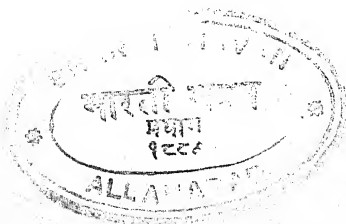
¹ Too late. Note the touch of humour in this picture of the baffled English.
 (844)

cities; but his poems appeal only to thoughtful minds, and they are not likely ever to be popular in the sense of being read by the masses. Mr. Browning was an Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and an LL.D. of Edinburgh University. He died at Venice on December 12, 1889, a few days after the publication of his last volume—*Asolando, or Facts and Fancies*.

SUMMARY OF BROWNING'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Year. Age.

- 1812.....Born at Camberwell, Surrey—Educated at London University.
 1836...24...*Paracelsus*.
 1837...25...*Strafford* (drama), played at London.
 1841...29...Goes to Italy to reside—*Sordello*.
 1842...30...*Bells and Pomegranates* (till 1844), containing *Pippa Passes*.
 1843...31...*A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* (drama), played at Drury Lane with success—*King Victor and King Charles* (drama).
 1846...34...Marries Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess—They live in Florence.
 1855...43...*Men and Women*.
 1861...49...Death of Mrs. Browning.
 1864...52...*Dramatis Personæ*.
 1868...56...*The Ring and the Book*, 4 vols.
 1871...59...*Balaustion's Adventure*, including a Transcript from Euripides.
 1872...60...*Fifine at the Fair*.
 1873...61...*Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*.
 1875...63...*Aristophanes' Apology; or, The Last Adventure of Balaustion—The Inn Album*—Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.
 1884...72...LL.D., Edinburgh—*Dramatic Poems*.
 1885...73...*Ferishtah's Fancies*.
 1887...75...*Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day*.
 1889...77...*Asolando*—Died at Venice, December 12.



CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

THOMAS HOOD.

BORN 1798—DIED 1845.

Thomas Hood was born in London in 1798. He was apprenticed to an uncle who was an engraver, but his bent for literature led him into newspaper and magazine work. In 1821 he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine," and thus was associated with Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Procter, and other well-known authors. He wrote many works, both humorous and pathetic. Among the best known are *Whims and Oddities*, *The Comic Annual*, and *Hood's Own*. He died in London in 1845.

The Song of the Shirt is one of the most pathetic poems in the language. It was the means of calling public attention to the cruel slavery endured by the needlewomen of London.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

1. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,¹
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"
2. "Work—work—work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work !
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's oh, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,

¹ Of dolorous pitch, pitched in a doleful or sad key.

Where woman has never a soul to save.
If this is Christian work !

3. " Work—work—work !
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band ;
Band, and gusset, and seam ;
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

4. " O men, with sisters dear !
O men, with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

5. " But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone ?
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God, that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap !¹

6. " Work—work—work :
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw
A crust of bread—and rags.

¹ O God ! that bread, etc. These two lines contain the essence of the whole poem. | By "flesh and blood" the poet means the labour-of the poor seamstress.

That shattered roof and this naked floor,
 A table, a broken chair,
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there.

7 "Work—work—work !
 From weary chime to chime ;
 Work—work—work—
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band, and gusset, and seam ;
 Seam, and gusset, and band ;
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

8. "Work—work—work !
 In the dull December light ;
 And work—work—work !
 When the weather is warm and bright,
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.¹

9. "Oh, but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet ;
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal !²

10. "Oh, but for one short hour !
 A respite however brief !

¹ Twit me with the spring, banter me on the return of spring, which I cannot enjoy. | ² The walk that costs a meal, because it takes her away from her work.

No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart ;
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread."

11. With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread.
 Stitch—stitch—stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich !—
 She sang this " Song of the Shirt !"

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

BORN 1784—DIED 1862.

Sheridan Knowles may be taken as the representative of the popular drama of the nineteenth century. He was born in 1784 at Cork. He was both a dramatist and an actor. His best plays are *Virginus*, *Caius Gracchus*, *William Tell*, *Alfred the Great*, and *The Hunchback*. In later life he became a Baptist preacher. He died at Torquay in 1862.

The incident described in the following scene belongs to the year 878, when the Northmen under Guthrum invaded Wessex and drove Alfred from his throne. After wandering over the western wilds for weeks, Alfred was forced to take refuge with a cow-herd on the isle of Athelney, at the junction of the Tone and the Parret.

SCENE FROM "ALFRED THE GREAT."

Scene—A Hut.

ALFRED *discovered trimming some arrows, with an unfinished bow beside him*—MAUDE *kneading flour for cakes*.

Maude. [Aside] Ay, there he's at his work ! if work that be
 Which spareth toil. He'll trim a shaft or shape

A bow with any archer in the land,
 But neither can he plough nor sow ; I doubt
 If he can dig ; I am sure he cannot reap ;
 He has hands and arms, but not the use of them !—
 Corin !¹

Alfred. Your will ?

Maude. Would thou couldst do my will
 As readily as ask it ! Go to the door, 10
 And look if Edwin² comes. Dost see him ?

Alf. No.

Maude. Bad omen that ! He'll bring an empty creel,
 Else were he home ere now. Put on more wood,
 And lay the logs on end ; you'll learn in time
 To make a fire. Why, what a litter's there,
 With trimming of your shafts that never hit !
 Ten days ago you killed a sorry buck ;
 Since when your quiver have you emptied thrice,
 Nor ruffled hair nor feather. 20

Alf. If the game
 Are scarce and shy, I cannot help it.

Maude. Out !
 Your aim, I wot,³ is shy, your labour scarce ;
 There's game enow, wouldst thou but hunt for them,
 And when you find them, hit them. What expect'st
 To-day for dinner ?

Alf. What Heaven sends.

Maude. Suppose 30
 It sends us nought ?

Alf. Its will be done.

Maude. You'd starve ;
 So would not I, knew I to bend a bow
 Or cast a line. See if thou hast the skill
 To watch these cakes the while they toast.

¹ Corin, the name assumed by Alfred in his disguise.

² Edwin, the cow-herd, Maude's husband.
³ I wot, I know.

Alf.

I'll do

My best.

Maude. Nor much to brag of, when all's done!

[*Goes out.*]

Alf. [*Alone*] This is the lesson of dependence :—Will
 Thankless, that brings not profit ; labour spurned, 40
 That sweats in vain ; and patience taxed the more,
 The more it bears. And taught unto a king—
 Taught by a peasant's wife, whom fate hath made
 Her sovereign's monitress. She little knows
 At whom she rails ; yet is the roof her own,
 Nor does she play the housewife grudgingly.
 Give her her humour ! Lo ! how stands the account
 'Twixt me and Fortune ? We are wholly quits.
 She dressed me ; she has stripped me ! On a throne
 She placed me ; she has struck me from my seat ! 50
 Nor in the respect where sovereigns share alike
 With those they rule was she less kind to me,
 Less cruel. High she filled for me the cup
 Of bliss connubial ; she has emptied it !
 Parental love she set before me too,
 And bade me banquet ; scarce I tasted, ere
 She snatched the feast away ! My queen—my child !—
 Where are they ? 'Neath the ashes of my castle.¹
 I sat upon their tomb one day—one night ;
 Then first I felt the thralldom of Despair. 60
 The despot he, he would not let me weep !
 There were the fountains of my tears as dry
 As they² had never flowed ! My heart did swell
 To bursting, yet no sigh would he let forth
 With vent to give it ease. There had I sat³
 And died ; but Heaven a stronger tyrant⁴ sent—

¹ 'Neath the ashes of my castle. Alfred supposed that his wife Elswith had been killed ; but she afterwards appears in the drama, and in fact did not die till 902, one year after Alfred's death.

² As they, as dry as they would have been if they had never flowed.

³ Had I sat, I would have sat.

⁴ A stronger tyrant, stronger than Despair.

Hunger—that wrenched me from the other's grasp,
And dragged me hither. This is not the lesson
I set myself to con.

Re-enter MAUDE.

Maude. 'Tis noon, and yet 70
No sign of Edwin! Dost thou mind thy task?
Look to't; and when the cakes are fit to turn,
Call, and I'll come.

Alf. I'll turn them, dame.

Maude. You will?
You'll break them. Know I not your handy ways?
I would not suffer thee put finger to them.
Call when 'tis time. You'll turn the cakes, forsooth!
As likely thou couldst make the cakes as turn them.

[*Goes out.*

Alf. So much for poverty: Adversity's 80
The nurse for kings, but then the palace gates
Are shut against her; they would else have hearts
Of mercy oftener—gems not always dropped
In Fortune's golden cup. What thought hath he
How hunger warpeth honesty, whose meal
Still waiteth on the hour? Can he perceive
How nakedness converts the kindly milk
Of nature into ice, to whom each change
Of season, yea, each shifting of the wind,
Presents his fitting suit? Knows he the storm 90
That makes the valiant quail, who hears it only
Through the safe wall its voice alone can pierce,
And there talks comfort to him with the tongue
That bids, without, the shelterless despair?
Perhaps he marks the mountain wave and smiles,
So high it rolls,¹ while on its fellow hangs
The fainting seaman glaring down at death

1 So high it rolls, because it rolls so high.

In the deep trough below ! I will extract
 Riches from penury, from sufferings
 Coin blessings ; that if I assume again 100
 The sceptre, I may be the more a king
 By being more a man.

MAUDE *re-enters, goes toward the fire, lifts the cakes, goes to*
ALFRED, and holds them to him.

Maude. Is this your care?
 Ne'er did you dream that meal was made of corn,
 Which is not grown until the earth be ploughed ;
 Which is not garnered up until 'tis cut ;
 Which is not fit for use until 'tis ground ;
 Nor used then till kneaded into bread ?
 Ne'er knew you this ? It seems you never did,
 Else you had known the value of the bread, 110
 Thought of the ploughman's toil, the reaper's sweat,
 The miller's labour, and the housewife's thrift,
 And not have left my barley cakes to burn
 To very cinders !

Alf. I forgot, good dame.

Maude. Forgot, good dame, forsooth ! You ne'er
 forgot
 To eat my barley cakes ! [*Knock.*] Open the door ! 117

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BORN 1809—DIED 1861.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in 1809 in Herefordshire, where her father had a country residence. She was a very clever child, writing much at ten years of age, and gaining a command of many languages, including Greek and Latin. Her poems were published in a volume in 1844. In 1846 she married Robert Browning the poet. The rest of her life was spent in Italy. She died at Florence in 1861. Her chief poems are *Aurora Leigh*, a story of modern life ; and *Casa Guidi Windows*, reflections on Italian politics.

The Cry of the Children is one of the simplest and most powerful of her poems. It is a plea for the young children employed in factories and in coal mines, before laws were passed fixing an age at which that could be done.

As in the case of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," the publication of the poem called attention to the question, and was helpful in getting the law altered.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

1. Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.....
2. "For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap.
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, under ground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.
3. "For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
 And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
 And sometimes we could pray,
 ‘O ye wheels’—breaking out in a mad moaning—
 ‘Stop! be silent for to-day!’”

4. Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
 For a moment, mouth to mouth!
 Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
 Of their tender human youth!
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.
 Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
 That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 Grinding life down from its mark;
 And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

BORN 1805—DIED 1873.

Lord Lytton, better known as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, was one of the most voluminous and most versatile authors of his day. He was a novelist, a poet, a dramatist, a historian, an essayist, and a political orator. He was born in 1805, was made a baronet in 1838, and a peer in 1866, and he died in 1873. His best novel is *The Caxtons*; his best drama, *Richelieu*; his best poem, *King Arthur*; and his best historical work, *Athens, its Rise and Fall*. The extract is from *The Last Days of Pompeii*, a novel written in 1834.

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL OF POMPEII.

1. A crowd was gathered round an open space where three streets met; and, just where the porticoes of a light and graceful temple threw their shade, there stood a young girl, with a flower-basket on her right arm, and a small three-stringed instrument of music in the left hand, to whose low and soft tones she was modulating a wild and half-barbaric air.

2. At every pause in the music, she gracefully waved her flower-basket round, inviting the loiterers to buy; and many a silver coin was showered into the basket, either in compliment to the music or in compassion for the songstress—for she was blind.

“It is my poor Thessalian,” said Glaucus, stopping; “I have not seen her since my return to Pompeii. Hush! her voice is sweet; let us listen.”

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

I.

3. “Buy my flowers—oh buy, I pray!
The blind girl comes from afar;
If the Earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are!
Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago,
With the air which is her breath—
Her soft and delicate breath—
Over them murmuring low!
4. “On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet.
For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps—
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate care)
To see the young things grow so fair;
She weeps—for love she weeps,
And the dew is the tears she weeps,
From the well of a mother's love!

II.

5. “Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices;

But the blind girl's home is the House of Night,
 And its beings are empty voices.
 As one in the realm below,
 I stand by the streams of woe !
 I hear the vain shadows glide,
 I feel their soft breath at my side.
 And I thirst the loved forms to see,
 And I stretch my fond arms around,
 And I catch but a shapeless sound,
 For the living are ghosts to me.

6. "Come, buy !—come, buy !—
 Hark ! how the sweet things sigh
 (For they have a voice like ours) :
 'The breath of the blind girl closes
 The leaves of the saddening roses.
 We are tender, we sons of light ;
 We shrink from this child of night ;—
 From the grasp of the blind girl free us.
 We yearn for the eyes that see us ;
 We are for night too gay,
 In your eyes we behold the day—
 Oh buy—oh buy the flowers !'"

7. "I must have yon bunch of violets, sweet Nydia," said Glaucus, pressing through the crowd, and dropping a handful of small coins into the basket ; "your voice is more charming than ever."

The blind girl started forward¹ as she heard the Athenian's voice ; then as suddenly paused, while the blood rushed violently over neck, cheek, and temples.

8. "So you are returned," said she in a low voice ; and then repeated half to herself, "Glaucus is returned."

¹ The blind girl started forward, Nydia | passion was all the more touching because
 was secretly in love with Glaucus ; and her | her love was not returned.

"Yes, child ; I have not been at Pompeii above a few days. My garden wants your care, as before ; you will visit it, I trust, to-morrow. And mind, no garlands at my house shall be woven by any hands but those of the pretty Nydia."

Nydia smiled joyously, but did not answer ; and Glaucus placing in his breast the violets he had selected, turned gaily and carelessly from the crowd.

GEORGE ELIOT (MARIAN EVANS).

BORN 1819—DIED 1880.

George Eliot was probably the most highly cultured Englishwoman of the nineteenth century, and she was certainly one of its greatest writers, as novelist, essayist, and poet. She was born in 1819, in Warwickshire. Her real name was Marian Evans. George Eliot was the name under which she wrote. The publication of *Adam Bede* in 1859 stamped her at once as a great novelist. Her other books were *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt the Radical*, *Middlemarch*, *Daniel Deronda*, and *The Spanish Gipsy*, a dramatic poem. She died in 1880.

The following passage is from *Romola*, a powerful and historically accurate reproduction of Florentine life in the last years of the fifteenth century.

THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

1. The house in which Bardo lived was situated on the side of the street nearest the hill, and was one of those large sombre masses of stone building pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace, of which there are many examples still to be seen in the venerable city.¹ Grim doors, with conspicuous scrolled hinges, having high up on each side of them a small window defended by iron bars, opened on a groined² entrance-court, empty of everything but a massive lamp-iron suspended from the centre of the groin. A small grim door on the left hand admitted to the stone staircase and the rooms on the ground-floor.

2. Maso, the old serving-man, who returned from the Mercato³ with the stock of cheap vegetables, had to make his slow way

1 The venerable city, that is, Florence.

2 Groined, having a ceiling formed of

angular curves made by the meeting of two or more arches.

3 Mercato, Italian for market.

up to the second story before he reached the door of his master, Bardo, through which we are about to enter.

3. We follow Maso across the ante-chamber to the door on the left hand, through which we pass as he opens it. He merely looks in and nods, while a clear young voice says, "Ah, you are come back, Maso. It is well. We have wanted nothing."

4. The voice came from the farther end of a long, spacious room surrounded with shelves, on which books and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order. Here and there, on separate stands in front of the shelves, were placed a beautiful feminine torso;¹ a headless statue, with an uplifted muscular arm wielding a bladeless sword; rounded, dimpled, infantine limbs severed from the trunk, inviting the lips to kiss the cold marble; some well-preserved Roman busts; two or three vases of Magna Græcia.² A large table in the centre was covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels in dark pottery.

5. The colour of these objects was chiefly pale or sombre; the vellum bindings, with their deep-ridged backs, gave little relief to the marble livid with long burial; the once splendid patch of carpet at the farther end of the room had long been worn to dimness; the dark bronzes wanted sunlight upon them to bring out their tinge of green, and the sun was not yet high enough to send gleams of brightness through the narrow windows that looked on the Via de' Bardi.

6. The only spot of bright colour in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden³ of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved reading-desk, such as is often seen in the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish-gold colour, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which

¹ Torso, the trunk of a statue, without head or limbs.

² Magna Græcia (Latin for "Great Greece"), certain cities and territories in

the south of Italy inhabited by Greeks.

³ A tall maiden. This is Romola, the heroine of the story.

it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her: one long white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

7. The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside towards his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuosity—an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head and the grand line of her neck and shoulders.

8. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread; the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's¹ *Miscellanea*, from which she was reading aloud.

9. Bardo shook his head again. "It is not merely bodily organs that I want: it is the sharp edge of a young mind to pierce the way for my somewhat blunted faculties. For blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along the already-travelled channels and hindering the course onward. If my son had not forsaken me, deluded by debasing fanatical dreams, worthy only of an energumen² whose dwelling

¹ Politian, or Poliziano, one of the greatest scholars of Italy in the fifteenth century (1454-1494). He was the librarian and friend of Lorenzo de Medici, called

from his splendid patronage of art and literature Lorenzo the Magnificent.—*Miscellanea*, miscellaneous writings.

² Energumen, literally, a worker.

is among tombs, I might have gone on and seen my path broadening to the end of my life; for he was a youth of great promise.....But it has closed in now," the old man continued, after a short pause; "it has closed in now—all but the narrow track he has left me to tread—alone, in my blindness.

10. "Nay, *Romola mia*,¹ if I have pronounced an anathema² on a degenerate and ungrateful son, I said not that I could wish thee other than the sweet daughter thou hast been to me. For what son could have tended me so gently in the frequent sickness I have had of late? And even in learning thou art not, according to thy measure, contemptible. Something perhaps were to be wished in thy capacity of attention and memory not incompatible even with the feminine mind. But as Calcondila bore testimony when he aided me to teach thee, thou hast a ready apprehension, and even a wide-glancing intelligence. And thou hast a man's nobility of soul; thou hast never fretted me with thy petty desires as thy mother did.

11. "It is true, I have been careful to keep thee aloof from the debasing influence of thy own sex, with their sparrow-like frivolity and their enslaving superstition, except indeed from that of our cousin Brigida, who may well serve as a scarecrow and a warning.

12. "And though—since I agree with the divine Petrarca,³ when he declares, quoting the *Aulularia* of Plautus,⁴ who again was indebted for the truth to the supreme Greek intellect, 'Optimam fœminam nullam esse, aliâ licet alia pejor sit'⁵—I cannot boast that thou art entirely lifted out of that lower category to which Nature assigned thee, nor even that in erudition thou art on a par with the more learned women of this age; thou art nevertheless—yes, *Romola mia*," said the old man, his pedantry again melting into tenderness, "thou art my sweet

1 *Romola mia*, my *Romola*.

2 *Anathema*, a curse.

3 Petrarca, a famous Italian poet of the fourteenth century (1304-1374 A.D.).

4 Plautus, a Roman comic poet (254-184

B.C.). Many of his plays were adaptations of Greek comedies.

5 *Optimam*, etc., Latin for—That no woman is the best, although one may be worse than another.

daughter, and thy voice is as the lower notes of the flute, 'sweet, firm, clear, pure, cutting the air, and resting in the ear,' according to the choice words of Quintilian;¹ and Bernardo tells me thou art fair, and thy hair is like the brightness of the morning, and indeed it seems to me that I discern some radiance from thee.

13. "Ah! I know how all else looks in this room, but thy form I only guess at. Thou art no longer the little woman six years old that faded for me into darkness: thou art tall, and thy arm is but little below mine. Let us walk together."

14. The old man's voice had become at once loud and tremulous, and a pink flush overspread his proud, delicately-cut features, while the habitually raised attitude of his head gave the idea that behind the curtain of his blindness he saw some imaginary high tribunal to which he was appealing against the injustice of Fame.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

BORN 1814—DIED 1875.

Sir Arthur Helps was one of the most thoughtful and most highly cultured writers of the present century. Ruskin, who has owned his indebtedness to him, describes him as a writer of "beautiful and quiet English." He was born in 1814, was educated at Cambridge, was appointed as Clerk to the Privy Council in 1859, and died in 1875. He wrote several historical works, treating of the conquest of the New World, several dramas, and several volumes of essays. The work by which he is best known is *Friends in Council*, a series of readings, essays, and conversations thereon. The following passage is taken from a chapter of that work entitled "On the Art of Living."

THE FORCE OF IMITATION.

1. Not only where masses of men are congregated together, but even in mansions built in solitary places, the provisions for pure air, for water, and for the means of cleanliness of all kinds, are defective and absurd; and even amongst the most practical people in the world science is but beginning to be wedded to

¹ Quintilian, a Roman writer on rhetoric and grammar of the first century (42-118 A. D.).

the arts of life. I think it may also be observed that, independently of these errors committed with regard to scientific matters, such as change of air, maintenance of warmth, and the supply of light, there is also a singular inaptitude of means to ends which prevails generally throughout the human aids and appliances for living. I mean dress, houses, equipages,¹ and household furniture.

2. The causes of this unsuitableness of means to ends lie very deep in human nature, and in the present form of human society. I attribute them chiefly to the imitative nature of the great bulk of mankind and to the division of labour, which latter practice being carried to a great extent in every civilized state, renders a man expert in his own business, but timid even in judging of what he has not to make, but only to use. The result is, I believe, that more than half of what we do to procure good is needless or mischievous; in fact, that more than half of the labour and capital of the world is wasted: in savage life, by not knowing how to compass what is necessary; in civilized life, by the pursuit of what is needless.

3. It is almost impossible to attribute too much effect to this quality of imitativeness, as most men rule their wants by next to no thought of their own, but simply by what they see around them. To give examples: there are very few cities, for instance, in the world where it would be more convenient to have porches, or covered entrances to the houses, than in London. There cannot well be a city more devoid of such things. Again, there can hardly be a more effectual arrangement for producing a rapid influx of cold air than a modern carriage; indeed, it is constructed in every way upon wrong principles. A person going to buy such a thing would be glad to have ventilation without draught, to have a carriage roomy and yet light; but he is shown what is the fashion, and adopts it.

4. Dress furnishes a still more striking illustration of imitation carried to an extreme. • Here, at the sacrifice of comfort,

¹ Equipages, carriages, horses, and their attendants.

time, and money, we follow the schemes of vanity and ugliness, and adopt permanently what were the fleeting notions of some of the most foolish of mankind. I can imagine that some of my readers who have never thought upon these subjects would contest the point as regards the above instances; but I will give others which they cannot contend against.

5. Upon some occasion in former days, perhaps upon a sudden attack of a town, the great clock of the place, which they¹ were probably putting up or mending, was left with one hand. This you would have imagined would have been considered a defect, and would have been remedied the first time the town became quiet. But no; like many other things, not having been finished at the time it was begun, it remained unfinished. After remaining long in that state, people began to think that this defect was intentional. Some foolish person imitated it: in the race of folly there are always many runners: and the result in this particular case is that there are scores of clocks set up in public places which exercise the patience and the ingenuity of the hurried and vexed spectator who, if he has good eyesight and some power of calculating, may make an approximation to the time which the two hands would have told him accurately at once.

6. Another instance occurs to me of a similar kind. There is a large and increasing portion of the human species who have to make constant reference to dictionaries. Now there are two instances in the alphabet of two consecutive letters which were in former times one letter. The words beginning with these letters are often still arranged as if they belonged to one letter. Hence there constantly arises a confusion in those parts of the dictionary alluded to, which I will venture to say has cost every studious person much loss of time and some loss of temper (for study does not always render the temper impregnable), and which² loss of time and temper they may attribute entirely to

¹ They, used impersonally for the inhabitants.

² And which, the "and" is superfluous.

the unwise imitateness which has led one maker of dictionaries to follow another maker of dictionaries in confounding his I's and his J's, his U's and his V's, just as one sheep succeeds another in jumping needlessly over some imaginary obstacle.

7. Another instance occurs to me. Travellers tell us that there is a nation very wise and thoughtful in many matters, who, nevertheless, choose¹ to have all their most important documents (such, for example, as those used in the conveyance of land) written upon leaves of such extent that you can hardly hold them in both hands, and all along in one line, so that it is very difficult to go from line to line down the page. It is curious, however, to notice how injured humanity protects itself, for these documents are written in such jargon, and so many unnecessary words are put in, that it does not much matter whether you do skip a line or not in attempting to go regularly down the page. This people is very skilful in building boats, and is perpetually trying improvements in that art; but as regards these wide pages of jargon, no race can be more contemptibly imitative and conservative of wrong.

8. The above have chiefly been physical instances of the ill effects of imitation as regards the art of living, yet these are but trifling. Men might live with very foolish furniture around them, with very ill-arranged dictionaries and worse grammars, with very ridiculous equipages, with absurdly ill-built houses, noisy and smoky, mostly of one pattern, and that a bad one; nay, even in an ill-ventilated town, where every form of disease is rising up and curling about them, which fortunately they do not see: in the midst of all this men might live happily, if all were well in their social relations and social intercourse; if they had found out the art of living in these important respects. But, as it is, how poor a thing is social intercourse.

9. How often in society a man goes out² from interested or

1 A nation..who..choose, more cor- | description would apply very well to the
rectly, "a nation which chooses." The | 2 Goes out, into society. [English nation.

vain motives, at most unseasonable hours, in very uncomfortable clothes, to sit or stand in a constrained position, inhaling tainted air, suffering from great heat, and his sole occupation or amusement being to talk—only to talk. I do not mean to say that there are not delightful meetings in society, which all who were present at remember¹ afterwards, where the party has been well chosen, the host and hostess genial (a matter of the first necessity), where wit has been kind as well as playful, where information has known how to be silent as well as how to speak, where good humour to the absent² as well as to the present has assured the company that they were among good people, where ostentation has gone away to some more gilded rooms, and where a certain feeling of regard and confidence has spread throughout the company, so that each man has spoken out from his heart. But these are sadly rare; they are days, as the Romans would say, to be marked with chalk; and it would not fatigue any man to mark those which he himself has experienced. The main current of society is very dreary and dull, and not the less so for its restlessness.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BORN 1809—DIED 1894.

Wendell Holmes became famous as a physician and surgeon before he was known to the public as a man of letters. Born in 1809 at Cambridge, Massachusetts, he received all his early education there, and graduated at Harvard. He studied medicine in Europe for three years, chiefly at Paris. He became professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College in 1838, and in Harvard in 1847. He early began to write poetry, but the volumes published in 1836, and at intervals thereafter, did not extend his fame much beyond the circle of his friends. The publication of a series of light, fanciful, and humorous papers in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1857 with the title, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, made Holmes's reputation in the Old World

1 Which all who were present at remember. Supply "them" after *at*. "Which" cannot be the object of two clauses, one of which is subordinate to the other. The first clause here is "which all remember," and the second clause, qualify-

ing "all," must be "who were present at them."

2 Good humour to the absent. This, in the author's opinion, is the test of "good people."

as well as in the New. The *Professor* and the *Poet* followed, and were quite as successful. Dr. Holmes is the author of several novels remarkable for their insight into character, and their quiet, chaste style. Of these the best are *Elsie Venner* and *A Mortal Antipathy*.

The following is from *The Autocrat*¹ of the *Breakfast Table*.

CHILD FANCIES.

1. I was born and bred, as I have told you twenty times, among books and those who knew what was in books. I was carefully instructed in things temporal and spiritual. But up to a considerable maturity of childhood I believed Raphael and Michael Angelo to have been superhuman beings. The central doctrine of the prevalent religious faith of Christendom was utterly confused and neutralized in my mind for years by one of those too common stories of actual life, which I overheard repeated in a whisper. Why did I not ask? you will say. You don't remember the rosy pudency² of sensitive children. The first instinctive movement of the little creatures is to make a *cache* (hiding-place) and bury in it beliefs, doubts, dreams, hopes, and terrors. I am uncovering one of these *caches*. Do you think I was necessarily a greater fool and coward than another?

2. I was afraid of ships. Why, I could never tell. The masts looked frightfully tall,—but they were not so tall as the steeple of our old, yellow meeting-house. At any rate I used to hide my eyes from the sloops and schooners that were wont to lie at the end of the bridge, and I confess that traces of this undefined terror lasted very long. One other source of alarm had a still more fearful significance. There was a great wooden HAND—a glovemaker's sign—which used to swing and creak in the blast, as it hung from a pillar before a certain shop a mile or two outside of the city. Oh, the dreadful hand, always hanging there ready to catch up a little boy, who would come home to supper no more, nor yet to bed,—whose porringer would be laid away empty thenceforth, and his half-worn shoes wait until his small brother grew to fit them!

¹ Autocrat, an absolute ruler; one with unlimited power.

² Pudency, shame, modesty; opposite of impudence.

3. As for all manner of superstitious observances, I used once to think I must have been peculiar in having such a list of them, but I now believe that half the children of the same age go through the same experience. That trick of throwing a stone at a tree and attaching some mighty issue to hitting or missing, which you will find mentioned in one or more biographies, I well remember. Stepping on or over certain particular things or spots,—Dr. Johnson's¹ especial weakness,—I got the habit of at a very early age. I won't swear that I have not some tendency to these not wise practices even at this present date. (How many of you that read these notes can say the same thing!)

4. With these follies mingled sweet delusions, which I loved so well I would not outgrow them, even when it required a voluntary effort to put a momentary trust in them. Here is one which I cannot help telling you.

5. The firing of the great guns at the Navy-yard is easily heard at the place where I was born² and lived. "There is a ship of war come in," they used to say when they heard them. Of course I supposed that such vessels came in unexpectedly, after indefinite years of absence—suddenly as falling stones; and that the great guns roared in their astonishment and delight at the sight of the old warship splitting the bay with her cutwater. Now the sloop of war the *Wasp*, Captain Blakely, after gloriously capturing the *Reindeer* and the *Avon*, had disappeared from the face of the ocean, and was supposed to be lost. But there was no proof of it, and of course, for a time, hopes were entertained that she might be heard from.

6. Long after the last real chance had utterly vanished, I pleased myself with the fond illusion that somewhere on the waste of waters she was still floating; and there were *years* during which I never heard the sound of the great guns booming inland from the Navy-yard without saying to myself, "The

1 Johnson. See previous volume, p. 50. | bridge, Massachusetts, connected with
2 The place where I was torn, Cam- | Boston by a bridge and viaduct.

Wasp has come!" and almost thinking I could see her, as she rolled in, crumpling the water before her, weather-beaten, barnacled,¹ with shattered spars and threadbare canvas, welcomed by the shouts and tears of thousands. This was one of those dreams that I nursed and never told. Let me make a clean breast of it now, and say that, so late as to have outgrown childhood, perhaps to have got far on towards manhood, when the roar of the cannon has struck suddenly on my ear, I have started with a thrill of vague expectation and tremulous delight, and the long-unspoken words have articulated themselves in the mind's dumb whisper, *The Wasp has come!*

7. Yes, children believe plenty of queer things. I suppose all of you have had the pocket-book fever when you were little?—What do I mean? Why, ripping up old pocket-books in the firm belief that bank-bills to an immense amount were hidden in them. So, too, you must all remember some splendid unfulfilled promise of somebody or other, which fed you with hopes perhaps for years, and which left a blank in your life which nothing has ever filled up.

8. O. T. quitted our household, carrying with him the passionate regrets of the more youthful members. He was an ingenious youngster; wrote wonderful copies, and carved the two initials given above with great skill on all available surfaces. I thought, by the way, they were all gone; but the other day I found them on a certain door which I will show you some time. How it surprised me to find them so near the ground! I had thought the boy of no trivial dimensions. Well, O. T., when he went, made a solemn promise to two of us. I was to have a ship, and the other a martin-house (the last syllable pronounced as in the word *tin*). Neither ever came; but, oh, how many and many a time I have stolen to the corner—the cars pass close by it at this time—and looked up that long avenue, thinking that he must be coming now; almost sure, as I turned to look northward, that there he would

1 Barnacled, having its hull covered with barnacles, small shell-fishes.

be, trudging toward me, the ship in one hand and the *martin*-house in the other !.....

9. I made three acquaintances at a very early period of life, my introduction to whom was never forgotten. The first unequivocal act of wrong that has left its trace in my memory was this: refusing a small favour asked of me—nothing more than telling what had happened at school one morning. No matter who asked it; but there were circumstances which saddened and awed me. I had no heart to speak; I faltered some miserable, perhaps petulant excuse, stole away, and the first battle of life was lost. What remorse followed I need not tell. Then and there, to the best of my knowledge, I first consciously took sin by the hand and turned my back on duty. Time has led me to look upon my offence more leniently; I do not believe it or any other childish wrong is infinite, as some have pretended, but infinitely finite. Yet, oh, if I had but won that battle!

10. The great Destroyer, whose awful shadow it was that had silenced me, came near me,—but never, so as to be distinctly seen and remembered, during my tender years. There flits dimly before me the image of a little girl, whose name even I have forgotten, a schoolmate, whom we missed one day, and were told¹ that she had died. But what death was I never had any very distinct idea, until one day I climbed the low stone wall of the old burial-ground and mingled with a group that were looking into a very deep, long, narrow hole, dug down through the green sod, down through the brown loam, down through the yellow gravel, and there at the bottom was an oblong red box, and a still, sharp, white face of a young man seen through an opening² at one end of it. When the lid was closed, and the gravel and stones rattled down pell-mell, and the woman in black, who was crying and wringing

1 And were told, should be "and we were told." Without we, the clause is dependent on "whom."

2 Seen through an opening. It is an

American custom to make a glass-covered opening in the coffin, so that the face of the dead person may be seen.

her hands, went off with the other mourners, and left him, then I felt that I had seen Death, and should never forget him.

11. One other acquaintance I made at an earlier period of life than the habit of romancers authorizes—Love, of course. She was a famous beauty afterwards. I am satisfied that many children rehearse their parts in the drama of life before they have shed all their milk-teeth. I think I won't tell the story of the golden blonde. I suppose everybody has had his childish fancies; but sometimes they are passionate impulses, which anticipate all the tremulous emotions belonging to a later period. Most children remember seeing and adoring an angel before they were a dozen years old.

12. —The old gentleman¹ had left his chair opposite and taken a seat by the schoolmistress and myself, a little way from the table. "It's true, it's true," said the old gentleman. He took hold of a steel watch-chain, which carried a large square gold key at one end and was supposed to have some kind of time-keeper at the other. With some trouble he dragged up an ancient-looking, thick, silver bull's-eye watch. He looked at it for a moment, hesitated, touched the inner corner of his right eye with the pulp of his middle finger, looked at the face of the watch, said it was getting into the forenoon, then opened the watch and handed me the loose outside case without a word. The watch-paper had been pink once, and had a faint tinge still, as if all its tender life had not yet quite faded out. Two little birds, a flower, and, in small school-girl letters, a date—17...—no matter. "Before I was thirteen years old," said the old gentleman.

13. I don't know what was in that young schoolmistress's head, nor why she should have done it; but she took out the watch-paper and put it softly to her lips, as if she were kissing the poor thing that made it so long ago. The old gentleman took the watch-paper carefully from her, replaced it, turned away and walked out, holding the watch in his hand. I saw

¹ The old gentleman, one of the characters introduced in the book—*The Autocrat*.

him pass the window a moment after with that foolish white hat on his head ; he couldn't have been thinking what he was about when he put it on. So the schoolmistress and I were left alone.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

BORN 1811—DIED 1891.

Mr. Kinglake was born in 1811, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the bar in 1837, but retired from the profession in 1856. His first book was an account of his travels in the East, entitled *Essays*, and it was exceedingly popular. For ten years after 1857, he sat in the House of Commons as member for Bridgewater. The first volume of his chief work, *The Invasion of the Crimea*, was published in 1863. The seventh and eighth volumes, completing the work, were issued in 1887. It is an exhaustive and brilliantly written history. The author warmly defends Lord Raglan, and condemns severely the character and the policy of the Emperor Napoleon III. The work gave great offence at the French Court.

The following extract is from *The Invasion of the Crimea*. The Allies—English, French, and Turks—landed at Eupatoria, on the west coast of the Crimea, on September 14th. A week later they reached the river Alma, and found fifty thousand Russians under Prince Menschikoff posted on the rocky heights of its south bank, and prepared to dispute their passage. The battle was hotly contested. Not till after three hours' hard fighting did the allies succeed in forcing the passage of the river. After giving orders for the general advance, Lord Raglan, accompanied only by his staff, rode across the Alma at a point between the English and the French armies, mounted the opposite slope, and took up his position on a knoll far in advance of either of the allied armies, and in the very heart of the enemy's position. From this spot he commanded a view of nearly the whole ground destined to be the scene of the English attack. The writer was beside Lord Raglan on the knoll.

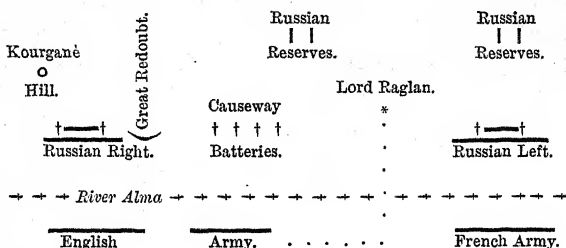
THE TURNING-POINT AT THE ALMA.

September 20, 1854.

1. Lord Raglan¹ looked upon that part of the Russian army which confronted ours ; he saw it in profile ; he saw down into the flank of the Causeway batteries, which barred the mouth

¹ Lord Raglan, James Fitzroy Somerset, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular War. He lost his right arm at Waterloo. He was commander-in-chief of the English at the beginning of the Crimean War, but he was cut off by disease at Balaklava. Marshal St. Arnaud was the French commander. He also fell a victim to fatigue and anxiety.

of the pass ; and, beyond, he saw into the shoulder of the Great Redoubt, then about to be stormed by Codrington's¹ brigade. Above all, he saw, drawn up with splendid precision, the bodies of infantry which the enemy held in reserve. They were massed in two columns. The formation of each mass looked close and perfect, as though it had been made of marble and cut by rule and plumb-line.



2. These troops, being in reserve, were of course some way in rear of the enemy's batteries and his foremost battalions, but they were only nine hundred yards from the eye of the English general ; for it was Lord Raglan's strange and happy destiny to have ridden almost into the rear of the positions, and to be almost as near to the enemy's reserves as he was to the front of their array.

3. All this—now told with labour of words—Lord Raglan saw at a glance ; and at the same moment he divined the fatal perturbation² which would be inflicted upon the enemy by the mere appearance of our head-quarter staff in this part of the field. The knoll, though much lower than the summit of the Telegraph Height, stood out bold and plain above the pass. It was clear that even from afar the enemy would make out that it was crowned by a group of plumed officers. It would not, Lord Raglan thought, occur to any Russian general that fifteen or twenty staff officers, whether French or English, could have

¹ Codrington, General Sir William John, G.C.B. (1804-1884.)

² Perturbation, disorder ; disturbance.

reached the knoll without having thousands of troops close at hand. The enemy's generals would therefore infer that a large proportion of the allied force had won its way into the heart of the Russian position.

4. This was the view which Lord Raglan's mind had seized when, at the very moment of crowning the knoll, he looked round, and said, "Our presence here will have the best effect." Then, glancing down as he spoke into the flank of the Causeway batteries, and carrying his eye round to the enemy's infantry reserves, Lord Raglan said, "Now, if we had a couple of guns here!" His wish was instantly seized by Colonel Dickson and one or two other officers. They rode off in all haste.

5. The rest of the group which had followed Lord Raglan remained with him upon the summit of the knoll, and every one, facing eastward and taking out his glass, began to scan the ground destined to be assailed by the English troops.

6. The Light Division had not then begun to emerge from the thick ground and the channel of the river, but presently some small groups, and afterwards larger gatherings of the red-coats appeared upon the top of the river's bank, on the Russian side; and at length, seen in profile by Lord Raglan, there began the tumultuous onset of Codrington's brigade against the Great Redoubt.

7. Lord Raglan knew that the distance between him and the scene of the struggle at the Redoubt was too great to allow of his then tampering with it; for any order that he might send would lose its worth in the journey, and tend to breed confusion. And it was not in his way to assuage his impatience by making impotent efforts.

8. Watching the onslaught of Codrington's brigade, Lord Raglan had seen the men ascend the slope and rush up over the parapet of the Great Redoubt. Then moments, then whole minutes—precious minutes—elapsed, and he had to bear the anguish of finding that the ground where he longed to see the supports marching up was still left bare. Then—a too sure

result of that default—he had to see our soldiery relinquishing their capture and retreating in clusters down the hill.

9. This was the condition of things when, having been hurried down to the ford, and dragged through the river, and up over steep, rugged ground, the two guns for which Lord Raglan had prayed were brought up at length to the summit of the knoll. They were guns belonging to Turner's battery, and they were already crossing the river when Dickson came upon them. The two pieces were soon unlimbered,¹ and one of them—for the artillerymen had not all been able to keep pace—was worked by Dickson, with his own hands.

10. The guns were pointed upon the flank of the Causeway batteries. Every one watched keenly for the result of the first shot. The first shot failed. Some one said, "Allow a little more for the wind;" and the words were not spoken as though they were a quotation from "Ivanhoe," but rather in a way showing that the speaker knew something of artillery practice. The next shot, or the next shot but one, took effect upon the Causeway batteries. It struck, they say, a tumbril² which stood just in rear of the guns.

11. It presently became a joyful certainty that the Causeway batteries exposing their flank to the fire from the knoll could not hold their ground; and in a few moments a keen-eyed officer, who was one of the group around Lord Raglan, cried out, with great joy, "He is carrying off his guns!" And this was true. The field-pieces which formed the Causeway batteries were rapidly limbered up, and dragged to another ground far up in the rear.

12. With the two great columns of infantry, which constituted the enemy's reserves, it fared no better. After not more than two failures, the gunners got their range, and our nine-pounders ploughed through the serried masses of the two Russian columns, cutting lanes through and through them.

¹ Unlimbered, separated from the limber, or gun-carriage, and made ready for action. | ² Tumbril, an ammunition cart.

Yet for some minutes the columns stood firm. And even when the still increasing havoc at length overruled the punctilio¹ of those brave men, it seemed to be in obedience to orders, and not under the stress of any confusing terror, that the two great columns gave way. They retreated in good order.

13. Our gunners then tried their pieces upon the Vladimir battalions, and, although the range was too great to allow of their striking the column, they impressed the Russian commander with a contrary belief. He was sure that these troops were reached by the guns on the knoll; and this his belief was one of the causes which helped to govern his movements.

14. This was the time when the great column of the Ouglitz corps—being fired, it seemed, with a vehement spirit—was still marching down from the Kourganè Hill, with a mind to support the Vladimir battalions and enable them to press the retreat of our soldiery, then coming down in clusters from the Great Redoubt; but the disasters which Lord Raglan had that moment inflicted upon the enemy, by the aid of the two guns on the knoll, made it natural for the Russian generals, who saw what was done, to stop short in any forward movement.

15. The Ouglitz column, as we have seen, was stopped in the midst of its eager advance; and, for want of the support which these troops had been going to lend, the triumphant Vladimir column was brought to a halt on the site of the Great Redoubt.

16. So, here was the spell which now for several minutes had been governing the battle. The apparition of a score of plumed horsemen on this knoll may have had more or less to do with the resolve which led the Russian general to dismantle the Great Redoubt; but, at all events, this apparition and the fire of Lord Raglan's two guns had enforced the withdrawal of the Causeway batteries,—had laid open the entrance of the pass,—had shattered the enemy's reserves,—had stopped the onward march of the Ouglitz battalions, and had chained up the high-mettled Vladimir in the midst of its triumphant advance.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

BORN 1818—DIED 1894.

Mr. Froude was born in 1818 in Devonshire, his father being Archdeacon of Totnes. He was educated at Westminster School and at Oxford University, where he graduated in 1840, and two years later was made a Fellow of Exeter College. For some years he wrote regularly in "Fraser's Magazine" and "The Westminster Review." His chief work is *A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, in twelve volumes, published between 1856 and 1870. A leading feature of the work is its elaborate defence of the character of Henry VIII. He also published a collection of essays, entitled, *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, and a work on Ireland in three volumes, entitled, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. Mr. Froude was chosen by Mr. Carlyle to be his literary executor.

DEATH OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[Mary fled to England, after her defeat at Langside, on May 16, 1568. After she had spent eighteen years in English prisons, she was tried for being connected with Babington's conspiracy to murder Elizabeth and place Mary on the throne. The trial took place in Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire, in October 1586. On the 25th of that month, sentence of death was passed on her in the Star Chamber, Westminster. The execution took place in the great hall at Fotheringay on February 8, 1587.]

1. At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears¹ might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendour. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters² was attached to her girdle.

1 The fears, etc., namely, that her strings of beads used in counting prayers. friends had released her. The beads in this case were jewels.

2 Jewelled paternosters, rosaries or

2. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland; and so, good Melville, farewell." She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama¹ which it was thought well to avoid.

3. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request;" and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, "You know I am cousin to your queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland."

4. It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized. She then said, "Let us go;" and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall.

¹ Religious melodrama, some sensational services.

5. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd.

6. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

7. She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms: and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.

8. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been

carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

9. The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "Do not weep," she said; "I have promised for you."¹ Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief. "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them. They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone.

10. On her knees she repeated the psalm, "In te, Domine, confido" ("In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust"). Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the ears being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white hand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

11. When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered, "In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam" ("Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit"). The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved.

12. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis² was witnessed, strange as

¹ I have promised for you, referring to her undertaking that they would be quiet (see § 8).

² Metamorphosis, change of form; transformation.

was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

13. "So perish all enemies of the queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the queen's and the gospel's enemies."

JOHN TYNDALL.

BORN 1820—DIED 1893.

Mr. Tyndall was born near Carlow in Ireland in 1820. He was one of the foremost men of science of the century. He wrote on *Glaciers*, on *Mountaineering*, on *Heat*, on *Electricity*, on *Light*, on *The Forms of Water*, and on many other subjects.

The following is from *The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers* (1872).

THE POWER OF THE SUN.

1. As surely as the force which moves a clock's hands is derived from the arm which winds up the clock, so surely is all terrestrial power drawn from the sun. Leaving out of account the eruptions of volcanoes and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun.

2. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up to the mountains; and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are also his transmitted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun.

3. In these days,¹ unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock and every charge is an application, or misapplication, of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And remember this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth.

4. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake.

5. He builds the forest and hews it down, the power which raised the tree and which wields the axe being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the scythe of the mower swings, by the operation of the same force. The sun digs the ore from our mines, he rolls the iron; he rivets the plates, he boils the water; he draws the train.

6. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fibre and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised and turned and thrown by the sun. His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a halting-place where this energy is conditioned.

7. Here the Proteus² works his spells; the self-same essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power—the moulds into which his strength is temporarily poured in passing from its source through infinitude.

¹ In these days. This was written during the Franco-German War in 1871.

² Proteus, the spirit of change. Proteus was the old man of the sea in classical fable, who had the power of changing him-

self into an endless variety of shapes, so as to escape the necessity of prophesying. Hence the English word "protean," which means assuming different forms.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.

BORN 1823—DIED 1892.

Mr. Freeman, one of the foremost of modern historians, was born in 1823, in Staffordshire. He was educated at Oxford. He wrote much on historical and architectural subjects. His chief work is the *History of the Norman Conquest*, in five volumes (1867-76). He also wrote *The Reign of William Rufus* (1882), *Old English History*, and a *General Sketch of European History* for schools.

The following extract is from the *History of the Norman Conquest*. The Conqueror died in 1087. He had made war on the French king to avenge a personal insult. At the siege of Mantes, he received a severe bruise from the plunging of his horse, which trod on some hot ashes. The bruise inflamed; and six weeks later he died at Rouen. His corpse owed its burial to the charity of a French knight, who conveyed it to Caen.

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

September 9, 1087.

1. The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we may trust was more than formal. The English chronicler,¹ after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance, late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor² cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes.

2. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes,³ and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank.

¹ The English chronicler, William of Malmesbury (1095-1143).

² His successor, William Rufus, killed while hunting in the New Forest. The common story is that Walter Tyrrel, one of his knights, aimed at a stag, but that

the arrow glanced from a tree and pierced the king's heart.

³ Mantes, the town that William was besieging at the time of his death, and which he had given to the flames. It is on the Seine, between Paris and Rouen.

3. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race ; but they needed the curb of a strong and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest-born ; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

4. But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor ; he could only leave the disposal of the island-realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth ; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed ; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness ; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons ; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance ; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword.

5. The harrying of Northumberland¹ now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand

¹ The harrying of Northumberland. After a revolt of the English in the northern counties in 1069, William ordered the entire country, to the extent of sixty miles, to be laid waste between the Humber and the Tees. One hundred thousand persons were killed, or died of starvation.

over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William,¹ who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea,² and he would pray Lanfranc³ to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

6. Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry⁴ the Clerk. "And what dost thou give to me, my father?" said the youth. "Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," was the Conqueror's answer. "But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?" "Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee." It is, perhaps, by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them.

7. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety.

8. And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer.....

9. The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done.

1 William, that is, Rufus, the Red King.

2 Beyond the sea, that is, over to England.

3 Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

4 Henry, afterwards Henry I., called the Clerk, because he was a scholar.

He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster¹ struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime² in the church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words, "To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

10. The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed; all public authority was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their own homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he died.

1 Metropolitan minster, Rouen cathedral.

2 Prime, morning prayer.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

BORN 1791—DIED 1868.

Dr. Milman was born in London in 1791, and was educated at Oxford, where he graduated in 1813. His university career was unusually brilliant. He thrice gained the Chancellor's Prize for an English poem. In 1821 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Having entered the Church, he rose to be Canon of Westminster, and finally Dean of St. Paul's. He was distinguished both as a poet and as a historian. He wrote several dramas—*Fazio*, *The Fall of Jerusalem*, *The Martyr of Antioch*, and *Belshazzar*. His historical works included *A History of the Jews* and *The History of Latin Christianity*, the latter of which is his greatest work. He died in 1868.

BURNING OF THE TEMPLE.

70 A.D.

1. It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former temple by the king of Babylon;¹ that day was almost past. Titus withdrew again into the Antonia,² intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof.

2. Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple.

3. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious

¹ King of Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar,
588 B.C.

² The Antonia, a tower on the north-west
of Mount Moriah; the fortress of Jerusalem.

determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple.

4. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed : he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire ; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear ; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or, stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands ; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar ; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

5. Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery ; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder ; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the Holy Place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office ; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder.

6. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames ; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door ; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

7. It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew ? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the

fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance.

8. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

9. The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination.

10. John,¹ at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide: they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

11. No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treas-

¹ John, a leader of robbers, who had got possession of the Temple before the Roman siege began.

uries, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots¹ had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished.

12. The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins; they offered sacrifice for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.

HUGH MILLER.

BORN 1802—DIED 1856.

Hugh Miller was born in Cromarty in 1802. He was apprenticed to a mason at seventeen, and afterwards worked as a stone-cutter in Edinburgh. He occupied his leisure with the study of English literature, and in 1828 he published a small volume of *Poems by a Stone-mason*. He then got employment in a bank in Cromarty. His *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland* appeared in 1835. In 1840 he became editor of "The Witness" newspaper, the organ of the Free Church party. His first geological work was *The Old Red Sandstone*; and it at once placed him among the leading geologists of the age. It was followed by *Footprints of the Creator*, and *The Testimony of the Rocks*. He also wrote *First Impressions of England and its People*, and *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, the latter a biographical work. He was master of a remarkably pure and graceful prose style. In December 1856 he put an end to his life in a fit of insanity.

In the following passage from *The Testimony of the Rocks*, the writer's object is to reconcile the statement in the Bible that the world was made in six days with the evidence of geology that "unreckoned ages" must have passed between the different acts of creation. It is a fine piece of prose-poetry.

1 The Zealots, robber bands.

THE MOSAIC VISION OF CREATION.

1. Such a description of the creative vision of Moses as the one given by Milton of that vision of the future which he represents as conjured up before Adam by the archangel,¹ would be a task rather for the scientific poet than for the mere practical geologist or sober theologian. Let us suppose that it took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the Midian desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed; and that, as in the vision of St. John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A "great darkness" first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the "horror;" and as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly troubled waters, as a visible aurora² enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

2. Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, "Let there be light," and straightway a gray diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming, vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens towards the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads; the faint light waxes fainter—it sinks beneath the dim undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits a while on his hill-top in darkness, solitary but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night.

3. The light again brightens—it is day; and over an expanse of ocean, without visible bound, the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea—invertebrate, mayhap also ichthyic,³ life; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the pro-

1 The archangel, the archangel Michael, in Books XI. and XII. of "Paradise Lost."

2 Aurora, light, or the dawn.
3 Ichthyic, consisting of fish.

phet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam, or gray, smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear.

4. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation; but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

5. Yet again the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday; and beats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against the low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely spread country. For at the Divine command the land has arisen from the deep—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised over the sea-level; and a yet further fiat has covered them with the great carboniferous flora.¹

6. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees—of palms, and tree-ferns, and gigantic club-mosses, on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is a deep gloom in the recesses

¹ Carboniferous flora, the vegetation that produced the coal-measures.
(844)

of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky overhead; as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on, and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place.

7. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

8. Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine-woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods.

9. And ocean has its monsters: great *tanninim*¹ tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke,

1 *Tanninim*, sea monsters, as the leviathan and the behemoth.

as out of a "seething pot or caldron." Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

10. Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth.

11. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow—the morrow of God's rest—that divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, "blessed and sanctified" beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over *it* no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

"The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos;"

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

SIR CHARLES LYELL.

BORN 1797—DIED 1875. •

Sir Charles Lyell, one of the greatest geologists of the age, was born at Kinnordy, Forfarshire, in 1797. He was educated at Oxford, and was called to the bar; but being a rich man he did not practise, and devoted himself to the study of geology. He travelled for scientific purposes in many European countries and in North America. His greatest work, *The Principles of Geology*, was published in 1830-33. He also wrote *The Antiquity of Man*, in which he supported the views of Charles Darwin. For a short time after 1832, he was Professor of Geology in King's College, London. He was knighted in 1848, and was made a baronet in 1864, being President of the British Association in that year. He died in 1875, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

• THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON, 1755.

1. In no part of the volcanic region of Southern Europe has so tremendous an earthquake occurred in modern times as that which began on the 1st of November 1755 at Lisbon. A sound of thunder was heard under ground, and immediately afterwards a violent shock threw down the greater part of that city. In the course of about six minutes, sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired and laid the bar dry; it then rolled in, rising fifty feet above its ordinary level. The mountains of Arrabida, Estrella, Julio, Marvan, and Cintra, being some of the largest in Portugal, were impetuously shaken, as it were, from their very foundations; and some of them opened at their summits, which were split and rent in a wonderful manner, huge masses of them being thrown down into the subjacent valleys. Flames are related to have issued from these mountains, which¹ are supposed to have been electric; they¹ are also said to have smoked, but vast clouds of dust may have given rise to this appearance.

2. The most extraordinary circumstance which occurred at Lisbon during the catastrophe, was the subsidence of a new quay, built entirely of marble at an immense expense. A great

¹ Which, namely, the flames; they, namely, the mountains. Not a good sentence.

concourse of people had collected there for safety, as a spot where they might be beyond the reach of falling ruins; but suddenly the quay sank down with all the people on it, and not one of the dead bodies ever floated to the surface. A great number of boats and small vessels anchored near it, all full of people, were swallowed up as in a whirlpool. No fragments of these wrecks ever rose again to the surface, and the water in the place where the quay had stood is stated, in many accounts, to be unfathomable; but Whitehurst says he ascertained it to be one hundred fathoms.

3. In this case, we must either suppose that a certain tract sank down into a subterranean hollow, which would cause a "fault" in the strata to the depth of six hundred feet, or we may infer, as some have done, from the entire disappearance of the substances engulfed, that a chasm opened and closed again. Yet in adopting this latter hypothesis, we must suppose that the upper part of the chasm, to the depth of one hundred fathoms, remained open after the shock. According to the observations made at Lisbon, in 1837, by Mr. Sharpe, the destroying effects of this earthquake were confined to the tertiary strata, and were most violent on the blue clay, on which the lower part of the city is constructed. Not a building, he says, on the secondary limestone or the basalt was injured.

4. The great area over which this Lisbon earthquake extended is very remarkable. The movement was most violent in Spain, Portugal, and the north of Africa; but nearly the whole of Europe, and even the West Indies, felt the shock on the same day. A seaport called St. Ubes, about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed. At Algiers and Fez, in Africa, the agitation of the earth was equally violent; and at the distance of eight leagues from Morocco, a village with the inhabitants, to the number of about eight or ten thousand persons, together with all their cattle, was swallowed up. Soon after, the earth closed again over them.

5. The shock was felt at sea, on the deck of a ship to the west of Lisbon, and produced very much the same sensation as on dry land. Off St. Lucar, the captain of the ship *Nancy* felt his vessel so violently shaken, that he thought she had struck the ground, but, on heaving the lead, found a great depth of water. Captain Clark, from Denia, in latitude $36^{\circ} 24' N.$, between nine and ten in the morning, had his ship shaken and strained as if she had struck upon a rock. Another ship, forty leagues west of St. Vincent, experienced so violent a concussion, that the men were thrown a foot and a half perpendicularly up from the deck. In Antigua and Barbadoes, as also in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy, tremors and slight oscillations of the ground were felt.

6. The agitation of lakes, rivers, and springs in Great Britain was remarkable. At Loch Lomond, in Scotland, for example, the water, without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level. The greatest perpendicular height of this swell was two feet four inches. It is said that the movement of this earthquake was undulatory, and that it travelled at the rate of twenty miles a minute.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BORN 1807—DIED 1892.

Mr. Whittier was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. His father was a farmer, and the son worked on the farm till his eighteenth year, when he went to school for two years. His introduction to authorship was through his occasional connection with newspapers. Then he became a journalist by profession. Whittier is one of the best poets America has produced. The two qualities by which his poetry is most strongly marked are love of nature and love of freedom. The former is seen in his *Last Walk in Autumn* and *Snow Bound*; and the latter, which made him the opponent of slavery and of the breaking up of the Union, is manifest in *Voices of Freedom* and *In War Time*. He also wrote admirable prose works.

The poem professes to describe an incident in the Civil War (1862).

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick¹ stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.² 8

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,³
When Lee⁴ marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars,
Flapped in the morning wind;—the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one!⁵ 16

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson⁶ riding ahead. 24

1 Frederick, a town in Maryland, 40 miles west of Baltimore.

2 Rebel horde, the Southern or Confederate army.

3 The early fall, the beginning of autumn.

4 Lee, General Robert Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederates.

5 Not one. The Confederates had hauled down every Federal flag—"stars and stripes."

6 Stonewall Jackson, General Thomas Jackson, one of the bravest of Lee's generals. At Bull Run his brigade was described as standing "like a stone wall."

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast ;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf. 32

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word. 40

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host ;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ; 48

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.—
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
 Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave! 56

Peace and order and beauty, draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law;
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below, in Frederick town! 60

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

BORN 1814—DIED 1877.

Motley—well entitled to be called the Macaulay of America—was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814. After graduating at Harvard he was admitted to the bar, but soon abandoned law for literature. He wrote several novels, and then devoting himself to historical research he wrote *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* (1856), which at once gave him a recognized place among historians. That was followed in 1868 by *The History of the United Netherlands*. The pictures of historical scenes and personages are singularly graphic, and the style is brilliant and scholarly. Motley was Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, and in later years American Minister at Vienna and London. He died in 1877.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

A.D. 1574.

1. The besieged city¹ was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvoes of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and at the dawn of each

¹ The besieged city, Leyden, one of the chief cities of the Netherlands, 17 miles north of Rotterdam, and 6 miles from the North Sea. It was besieged by the Spaniards from October 31, 1573, till October 3, 1574.

day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean.

2. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem¹ had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute portions, hardly sufficient to support life, among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured.

3. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful. Infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms.

4. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, children—side by side; for a disorder called “the Plague,” naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. Pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath his scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held

¹ Haarlem, 17 miles north of Leyden.

out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

5. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates; and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf¹ with threats and reproaches as he passed along the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras.

6. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not. My life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive.".....

7. On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot.² In this despatch the position

¹ Van der Werf, the burgomaster, or chief magistrate.

² Boisot, the commander of the Dutch fleet.

of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates.

8. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.¹ In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water.....

9. On it went, sweeping over the broad waters. As they approached some shallows which led into the great Mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through!

10. It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen² with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene—a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the Armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night; and the whole of the city wall between the Cowgate and the tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

11. Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had

¹ Ruined dikes. The dikes had been thrown down to allow the sea to enter.

² Lammen, a fort west of Leyden, occupied by the Spaniards.

the city indeed been carried in the night? had the massacre already commenced? had all this labour and audacity been expended in vain?

12. Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic-struck during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots; but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

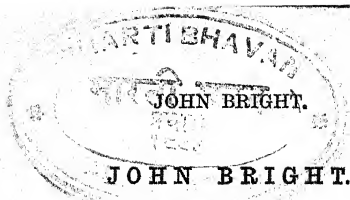
13. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards; and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at day-break to go thither alone.

14. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp,¹ had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen.

15. Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance! The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction.

16. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved!

¹ Leyderdorp, the head-quarters of Valdez, a mile and a half from Lammen.



BORN 1811—DIED 1889.

John Bright, one of the greatest orators of the age—in some respects the greatest—was born in 1811. He was a Lancashire manufacturer, and did not receive a university education. Side by side with Richard Cobden he fought the battle of Free Trade, which ended in the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. He was a steady advocate of parliamentary reform, and an opponent of slavery and of war. He became Member of Parliament for Durham, 1843, and for Manchester, 1844, and he represented Birmingham from 1857 till his death. He was President of the Board of Trade from 1868 till 1870, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster for a few months in 1873-74. His speeches were characterized by glowing eloquence, by felicity of illustration, by directness of statement, and combined simplicity and strength of language. He died in 1889.

WHAT IS WAR?

1. What is war? I believe that half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea what it is. In a short sentence it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable.

2. But what is even a rumour of war? Is there anybody here who has anything in the funds,¹ or who is the owner of any railway stock; or anybody who has a large stock of raw material or of manufactured goods? The funds have recently gone down 10 per cent.² I do not say that the fall is all on account of this danger of war, but a great proportion of it undoubtedly is. A fall of 10 per cent. in the funds is nearly £80,000,000 sterling of value; and railway stock having gone down 20 per cent. makes a difference of £60,000,000 in the value of the railway property of this country. Add the two—£140,000,000—and take the diminished prosperity and value of manufactures of all kinds during the last few months, and you will under-state the actual loss to the country now if you put it down at £200,000,000 sterling.

3. But that is merely a rumour of war. That is war a long

¹ The funds, money lent to Government, and bearing interest.

² Gone down 10 per cent. The price of £100 stock is now £90.

way off—the small cloud no bigger than a man's hand : what will it be if it comes nearer and becomes a fact? And surely sane men ought to consider whether the case is a good one, the ground fair, the necessity clear, before they drag a nation of nearly thirty millions of people into a long and bloody struggle, for a decrepit and tottering empire,¹ which all the nations in Europe cannot long sustain.

4. Well, if you go into war now, you will have more banners to decorate your cathedrals and churches. Englishmen will fight now as well as they ever did ; and there is ample power to back them, if the country can be but sufficiently excited and deluded. You may raise up great generals. You may have another Wellington, and another Nelson too ; for this country can grow men capable of every enterprise. Then there may be titles, and pensions, and marble monuments to eternize the men who have thus become great ;—but what becomes of you and your country, and your children ?

5. Speaking here,² however, to such an audience—an audience probably, for its numbers, as intelligent and as influential as ever was assembled within the walls of any hall in this kingdom—I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn, and of obligations more imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast even—though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions—you make it your boast that you are a Christian people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practice, as from a well pure and undefiled, from the lively oracles of God, and from the direct revelation of the Omnipotent.

6. You have even conceived the magnificent project of illuminating the whole Earth, even to its remotest and darkest recesses, by the dissemination of the volume of the New Testa-

¹ A decrepit and tottering empire. The Turkish empire, which England and France assisted in 1854 against Russia.

² Here. The speech was delivered at a conference of the Peace Society in Edinburgh.

ment, in whose every page are written for ever the words of peace. Within the limits of this island alone, every Sabbath-day, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble to worship Him who is the "Prince of Peace."

7. Is this a reality? or is your Christianity a romance, and your profession a dream? No; I am sure that your Christianity is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant-time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and—which will be better than all—the churches of the United Kingdom, the churches of Britain, awaking as it were from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last for ever—when "nation shall not¹ lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

¹ "Nation shall not," etc. See Isaiah ii. 4.

